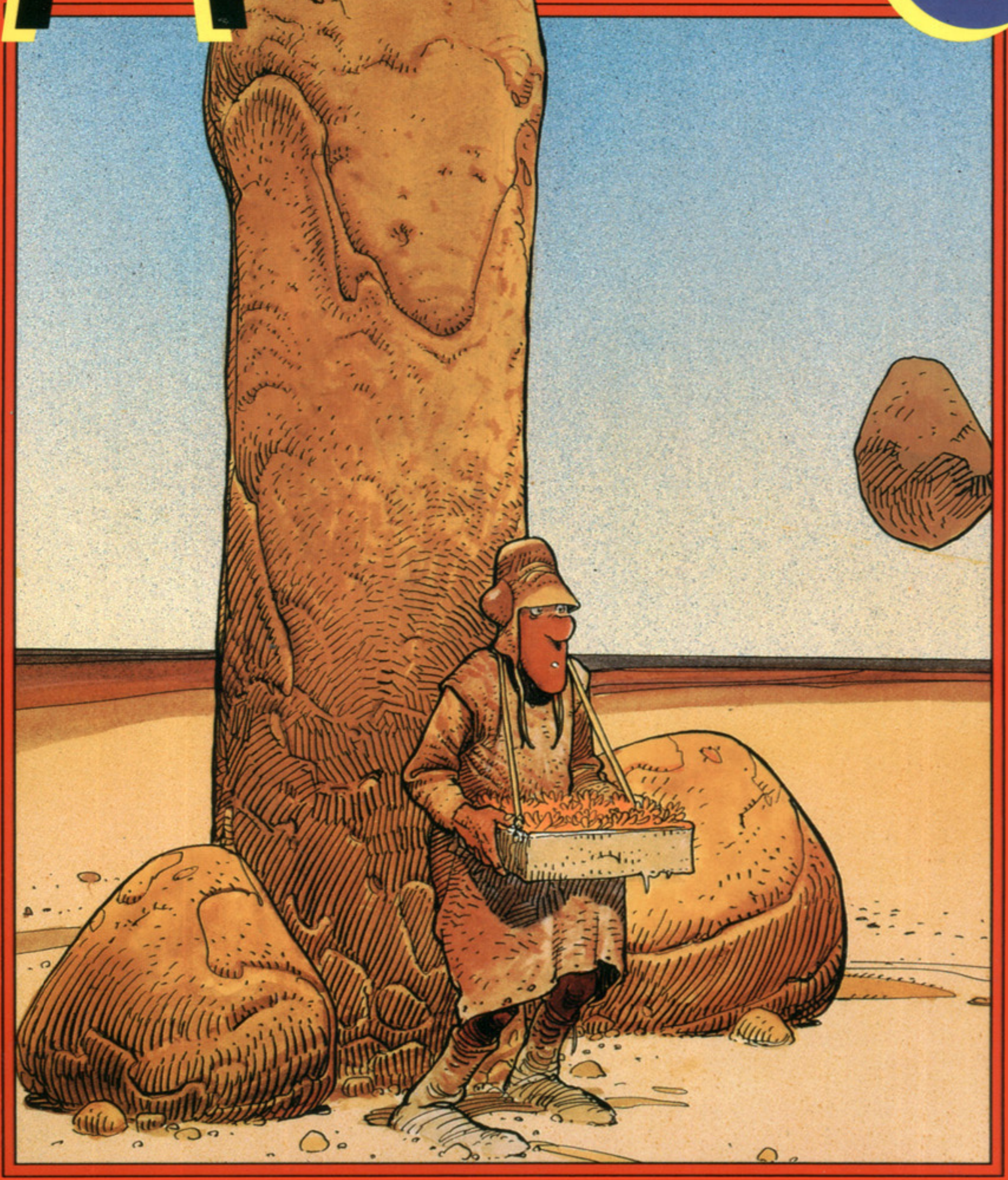
MOEBIUS 0™

THE FORBIDDEN WORK OF JEAN GIRAUD



THE HORNY GOOF™

& OTHER UNDERGROUND STORIES

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MOEBIUS 0

THE HORNY GOOF

& OTHER UNDERGROUND STORIES

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THE SILVER SURFER: PARABLE

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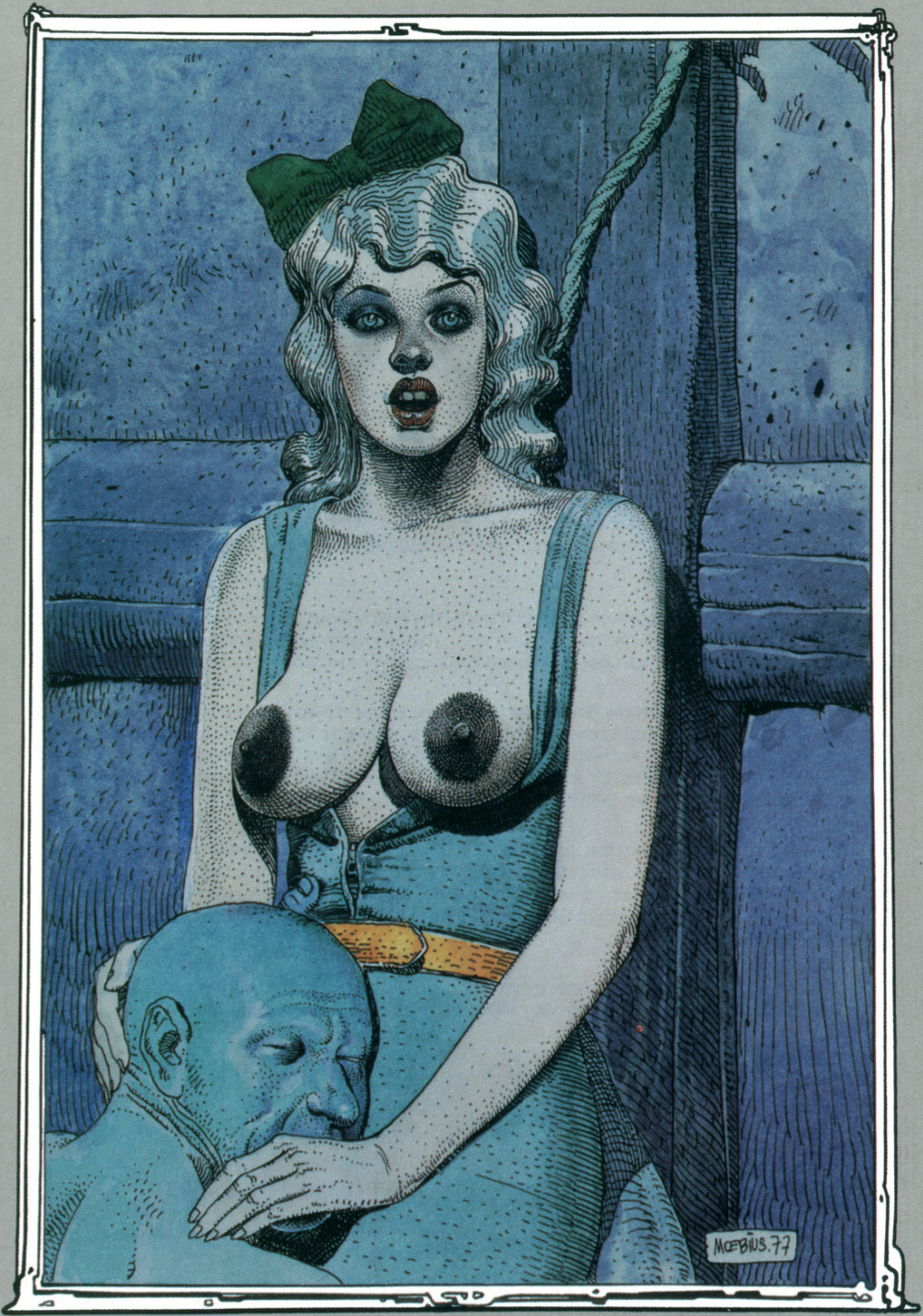
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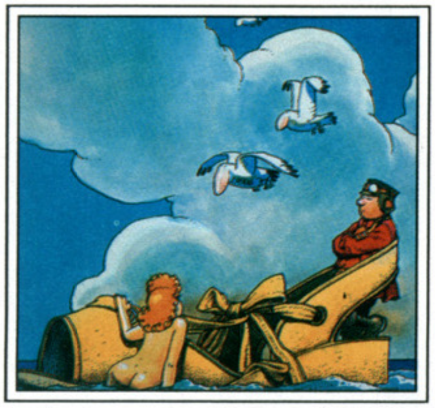


UNDER THE SURFACE OF THINGS TO COME

At last, in this volume, we are able to present some of Moebius's better-known "underground" stories. They display the influence of the American Underground, especially Robert Crumb, whose work had just reached France in the early 1970s. The stories were all published in various French magazines, just before the creation of the famous **Metal Hurlant** magazine in 1975.

The most famous of these stories is undoubtedly **The Horny Goof**. As with **The Airtight Garage**, we have chosen to retain the title by which this story is best known in America, although a better translation of its original French title (**Le Bandard Fou**) would be the "Wild Horny Pecker."

Whatever its title, **The Horny Goof** is interesting on several levels: its combination of bawdy humor and fairly sophisticated science-fiction is a rare one, a style best done by Philip Jose Farmer. Those who love comics in-jokes will delight in finding, on pages 11 and 12, an homage to the pirate **Red-Beard**, a character created by Jean-Michel Charlier and Victor Hubinon, but also known for his hilarious, disastrous encounters with the indomitable **Asterix** and **Obelix**.

Last but not least is the fact that the story is a prequel of sorts to **The Airtight Garage**. Flower, the artificially-expanded pleasure asteroid which we discover at the end, eventually becomes the first level of Major Grubert's private creation. For this, and more about Lady Kowalsky, read **The Airtight Garage**, pages 92 seq., and **Airtight Garage** spin-off comic-book series, such as **The Elsewhere Prince**, **The Onyx Overlord**, etc.

Sixteen years ago, few guessed that the relative "bang" caused in France by the original publication of **The Horny Goof** was also the "big bang" of the creation of the Moebius Universe.

Which is still expanding today.

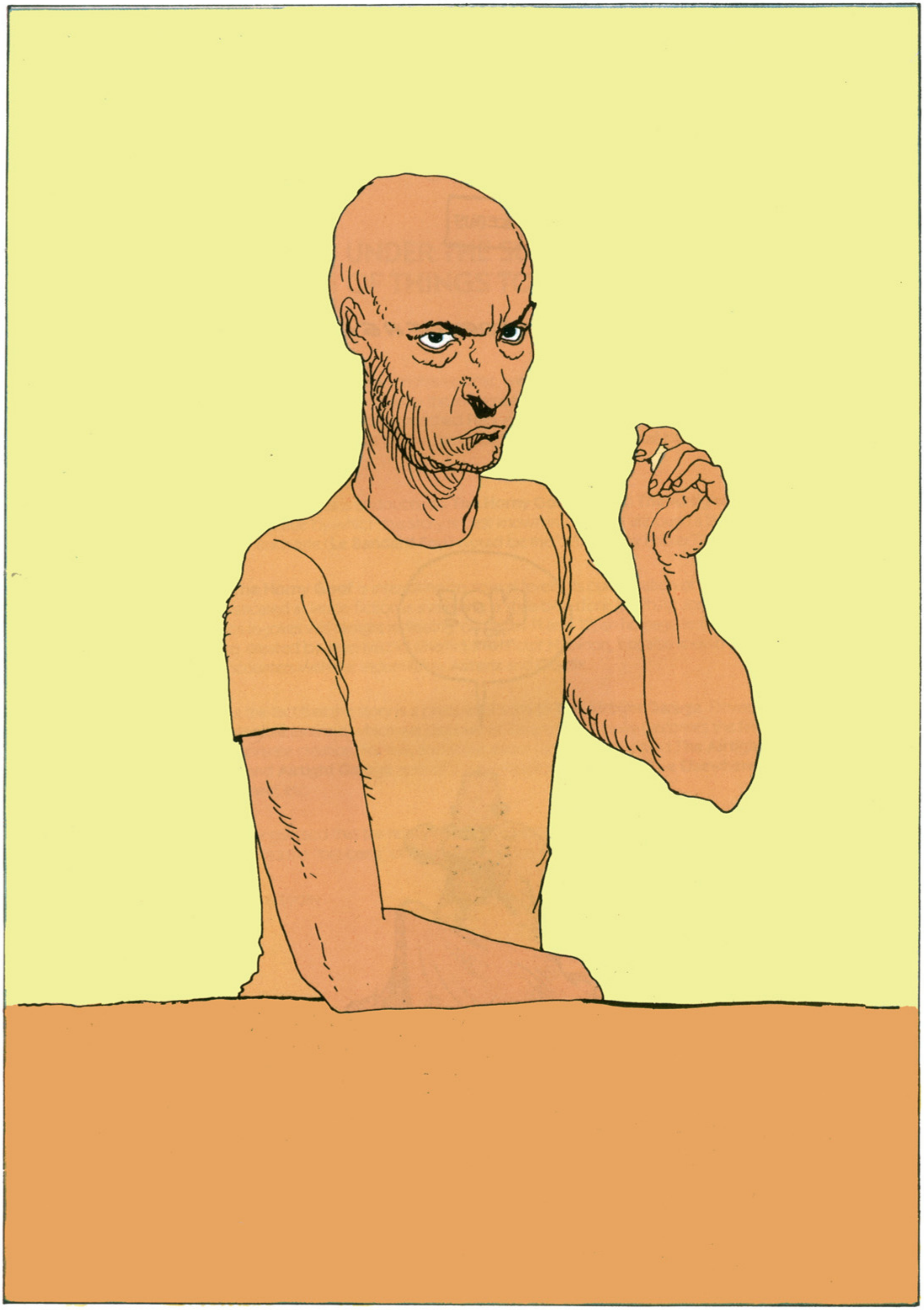
Jean-Marc & Randy Lofficier

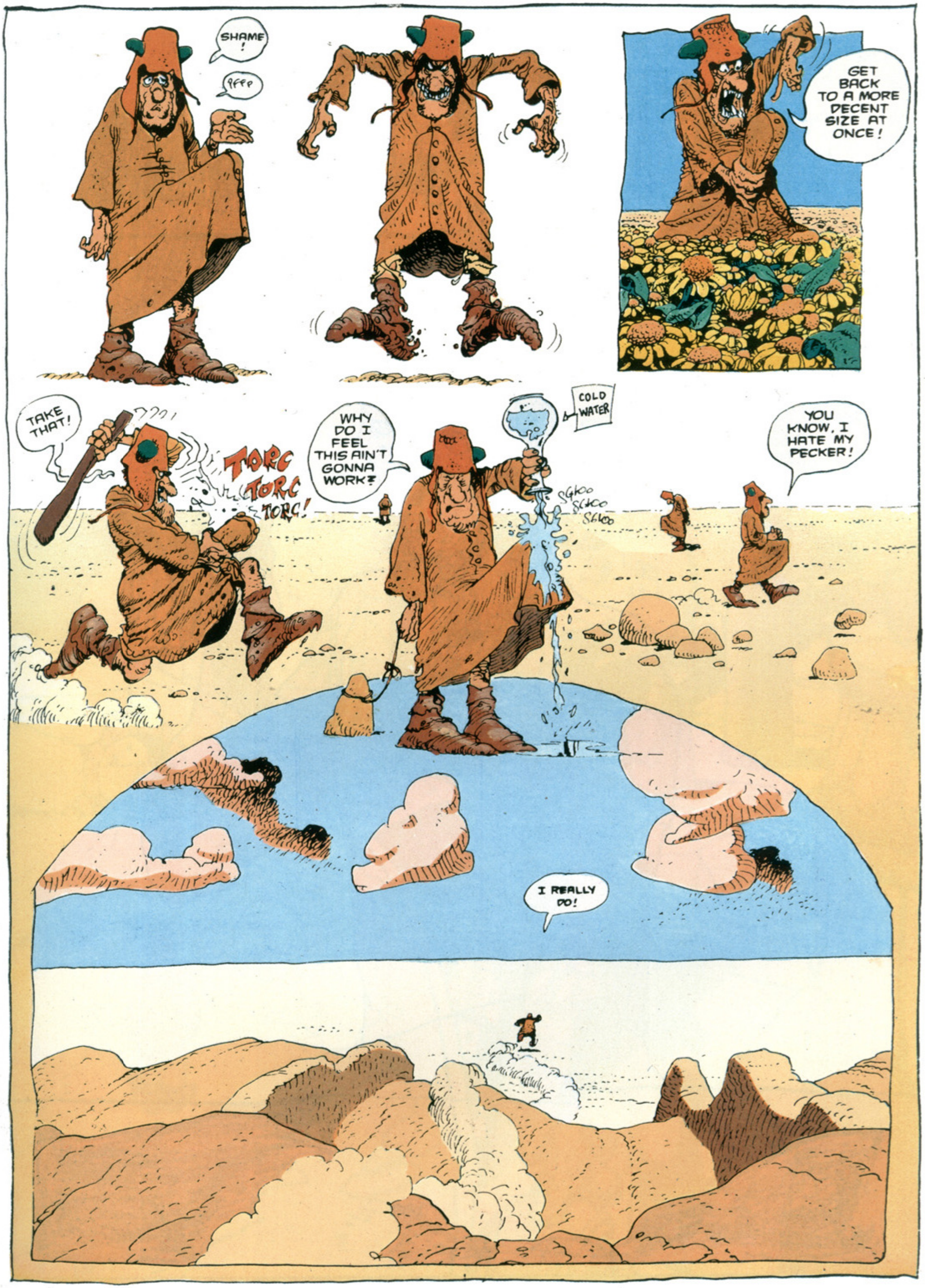
THE HORNY GOOF

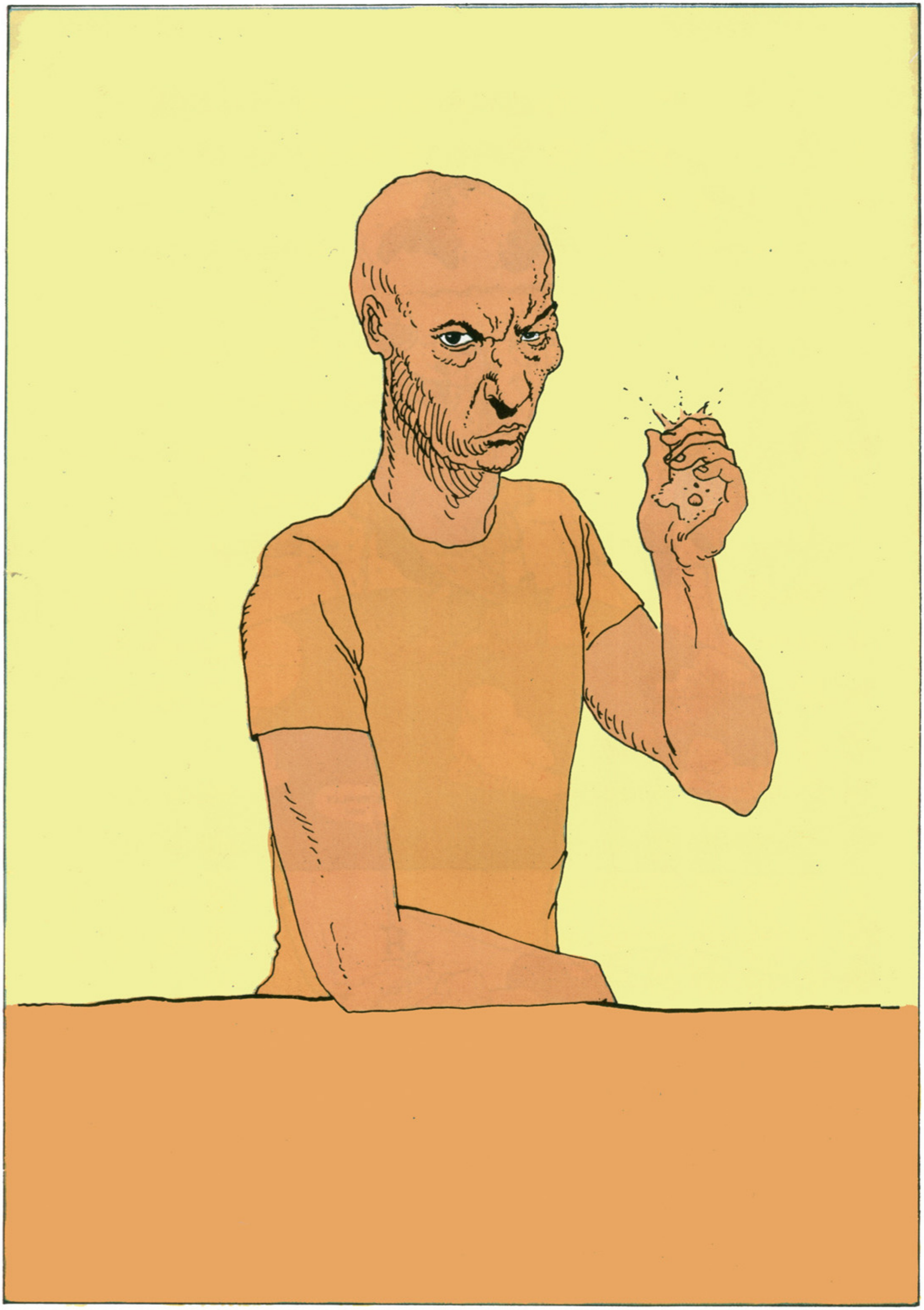
BY

MOEBIUS

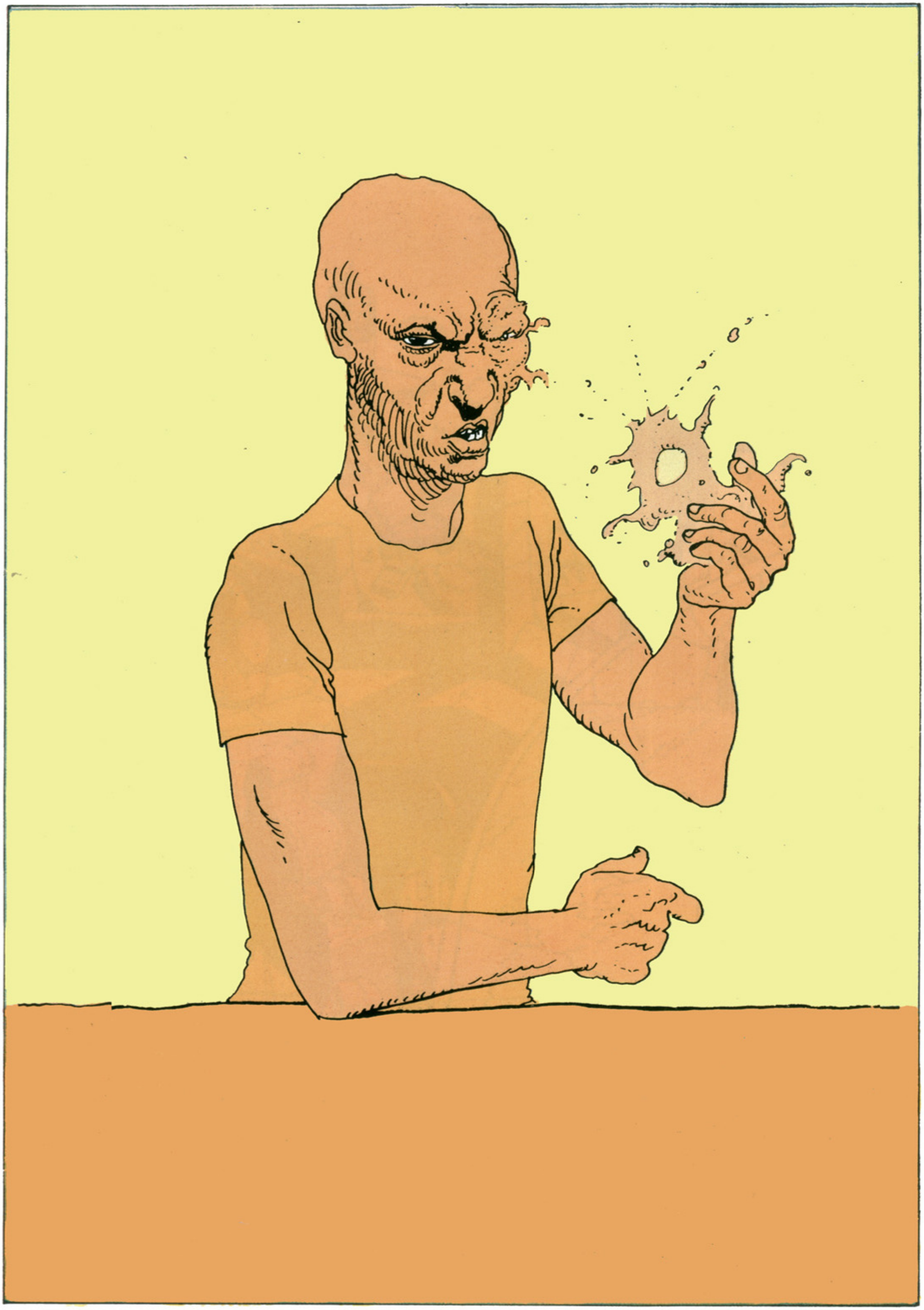
THE DEVILISHLY CLEVER STORY OF A SYLDANIAN WILD PECKER

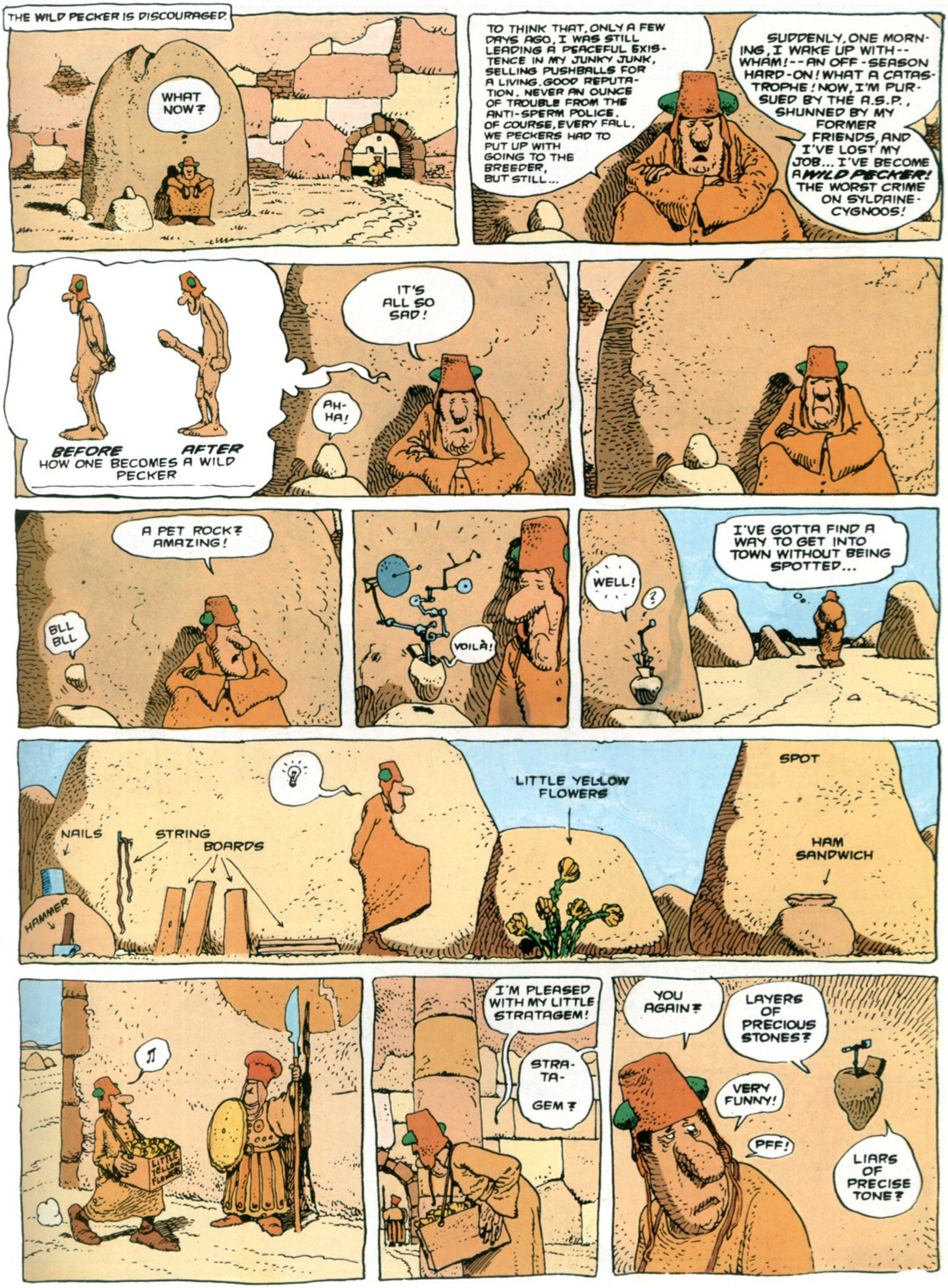


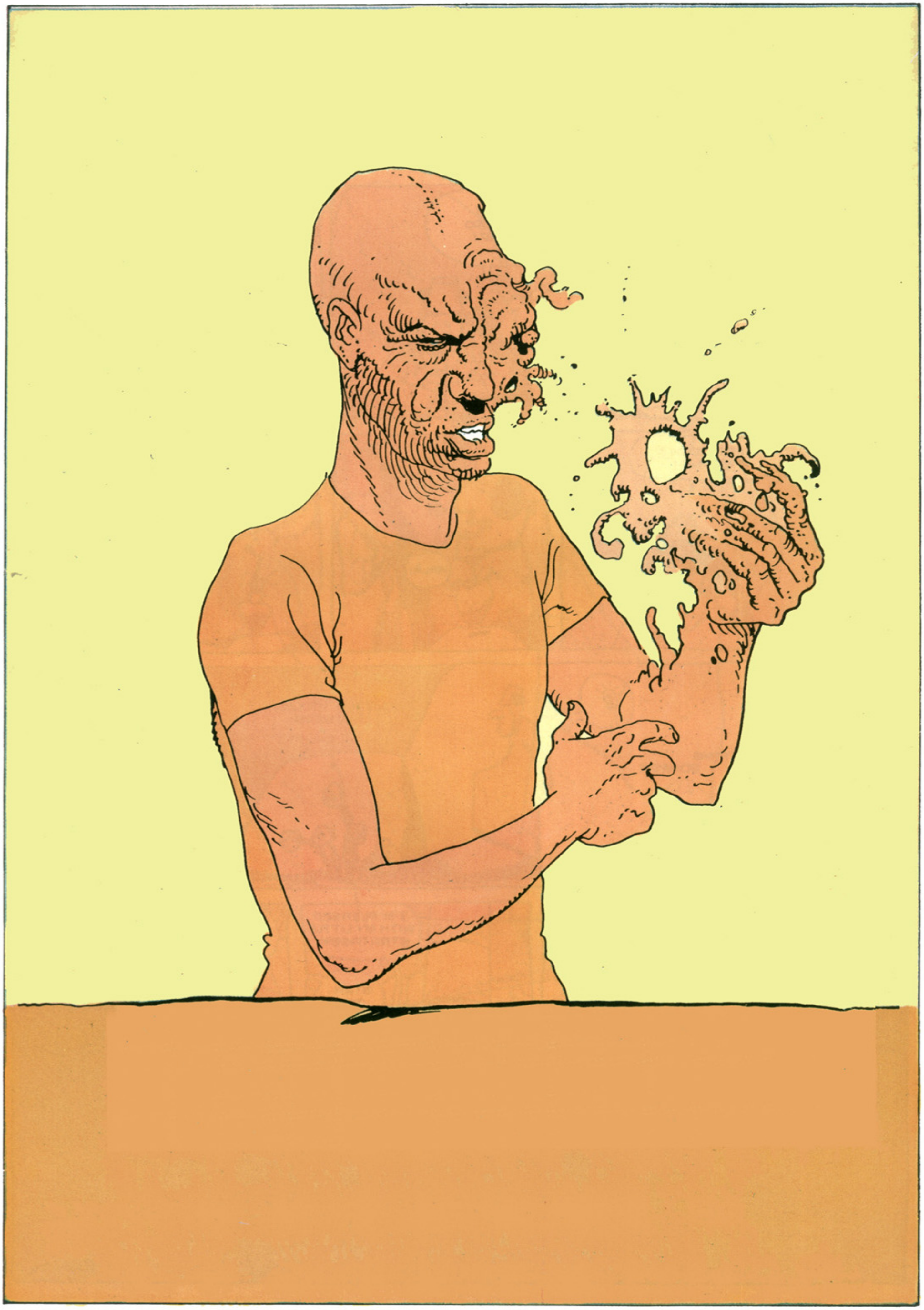

SHAME
!
PFFP
GET BACK TO A MORE DECENT SIZE AT ONCE!
TAKE THAT!
TORC TORC TORC!
WHY DO I FEEL THIS AIN'T GONNA WORK?
COLD WATER
SGHOO SGHOO SGHOO
YOU KNOW, I HATE MY PECKER!
I REALLY DO!



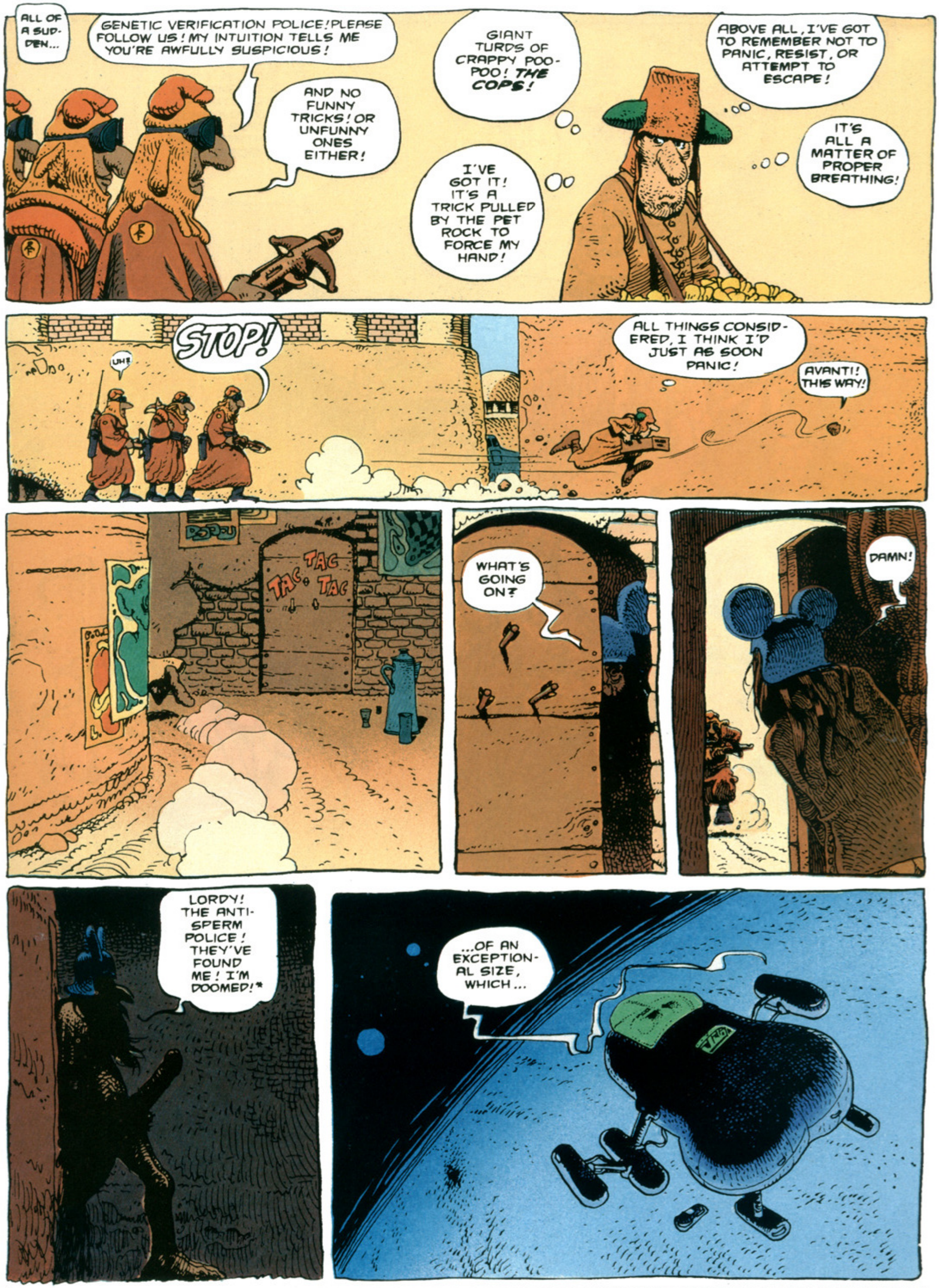
THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT A SMALL VILLAGE IN THE BORMOCHES ...
SHIT! A GUARD!



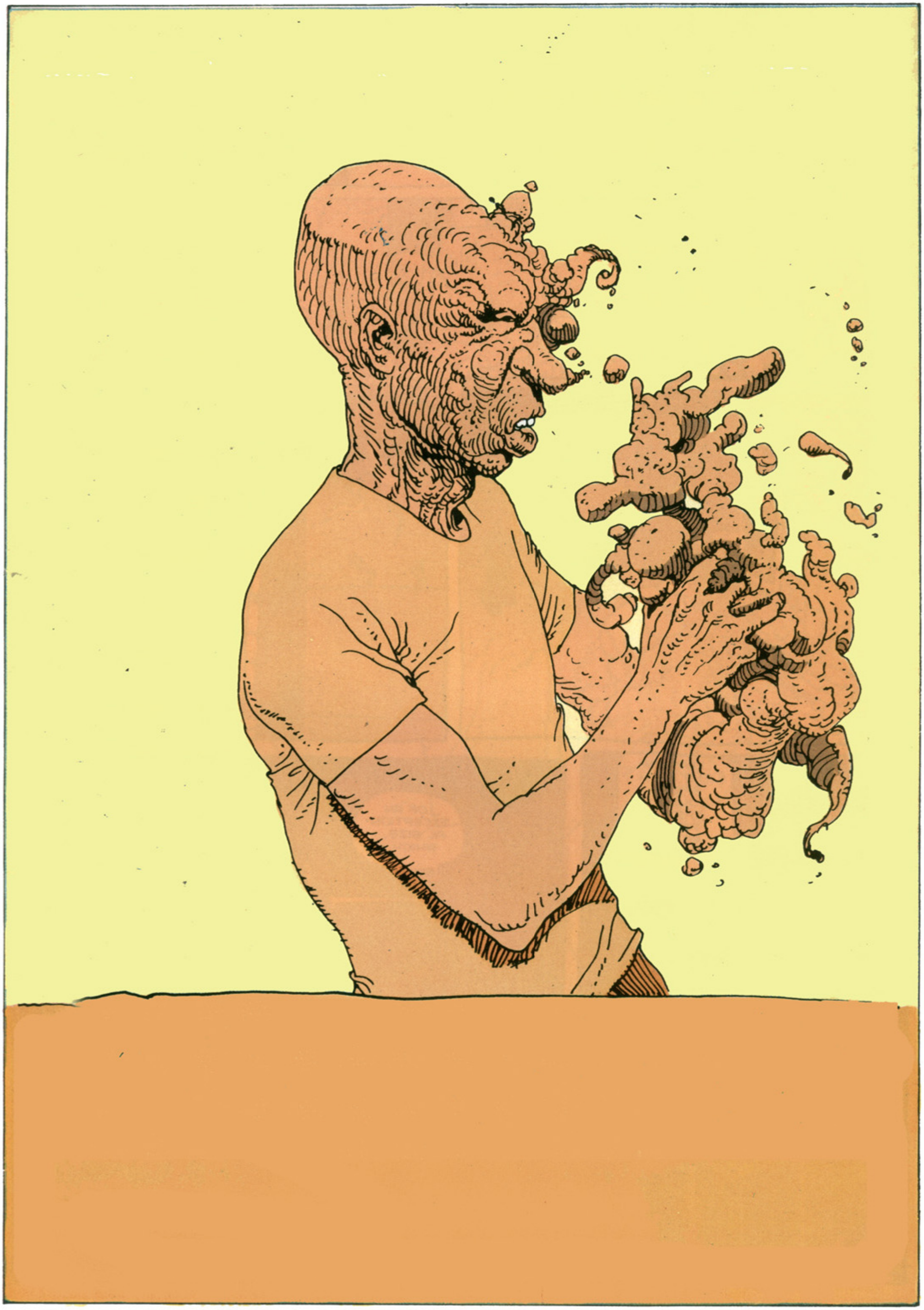

THE WILD PECKER IS DISCOURAGED.
WHAT NOW?
TO THINK THAT, ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO, I WAS STILL LEADING A PEACEFUL EXISTENCE IN MY JUNKY JUNK, SELLING PUSHBALLS FOR A LIVING. GOOD REPUTATION. NEVER AN OUNCE OF TROUBLE FROM THE ANTI-SPERM POLICE. OF COURSE, EVERY FALL, WE PECKERS HAD TO PUT UP WITH GOING TO THE BREEDER, BUT STILL...
SUDDENLY, ONE MORNING, I WAKE UP WITH-- WHAM!--AN OFF-SEASON HARD-ON! WHAT A CATASTROPHE! NOW, I'M PURSUED BY THE A.S.P., SHUNNED BY MY FORMER FRIENDS, AND I'VE LOST MY JOB... I'VE BECOME A WILD PECKER! THE WORST CRIME ON SYLDAINE-CYGNOOS!
BEFORE
AFTER
HOW ONE BECOMES A WILD PECKER
IT'S ALL SO SAD!
AH-HA!
A PET ROCK? AMAZING!
BLL BLL
VOILÀ!
WELL!
?
I'VE GOTTA FIND A WAY TO GET INTO TOWN WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED...
NAILS
STRING
BOARDS
HAMMER
LITTLE YELLOW FLOWERS
SPOT
HAM SANDWICH
LITTLE YELLOW FLOWERS
I'M PLEASED WITH MY LITTLE STRATAGEM!
STRA-TA-GEM?
YOU AGAIN?
LAYERS OF PRECIOUS STONES?
VERY FUNNY!
PFF!
LIARS OF PRECISE TONE?

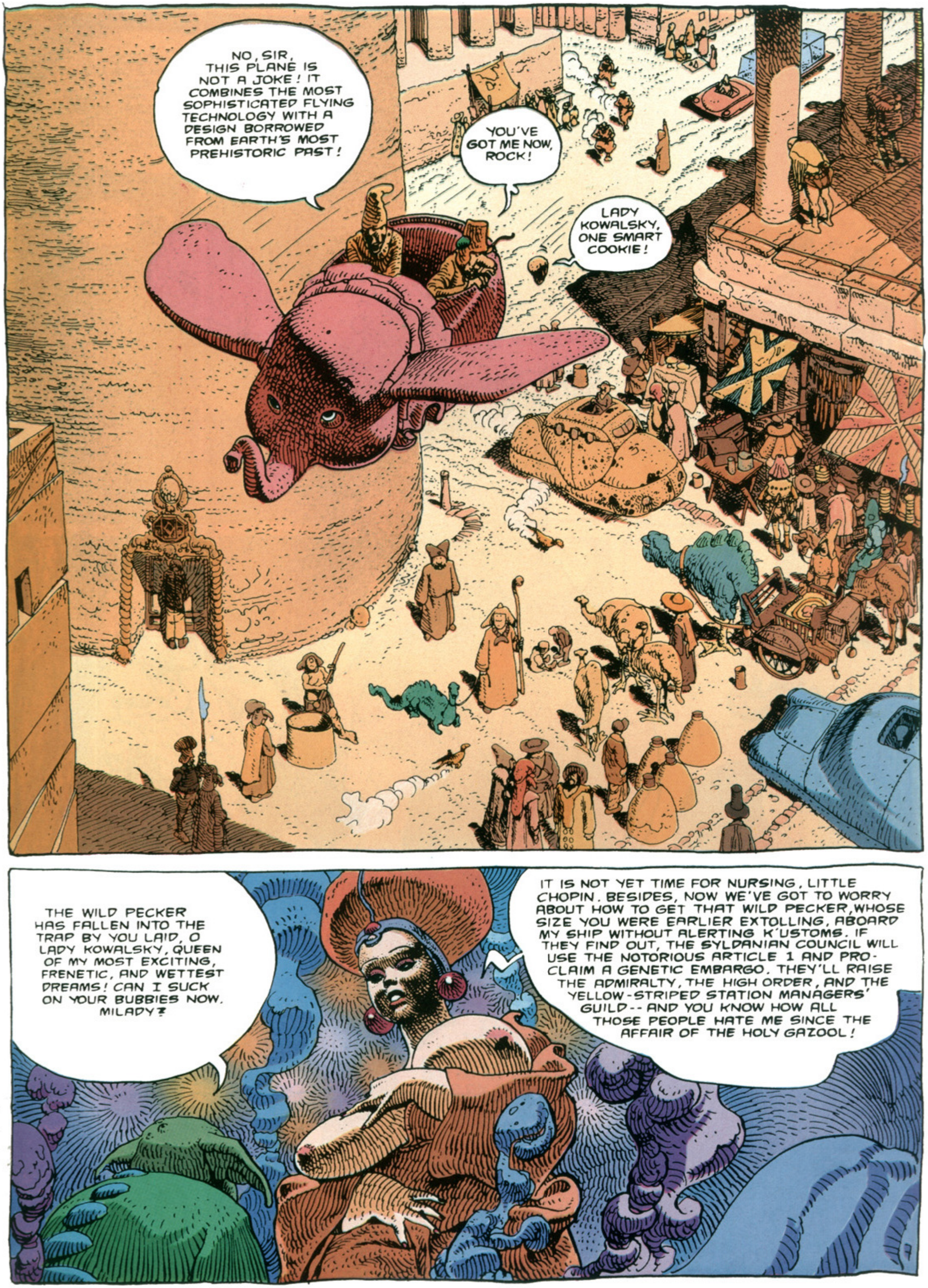


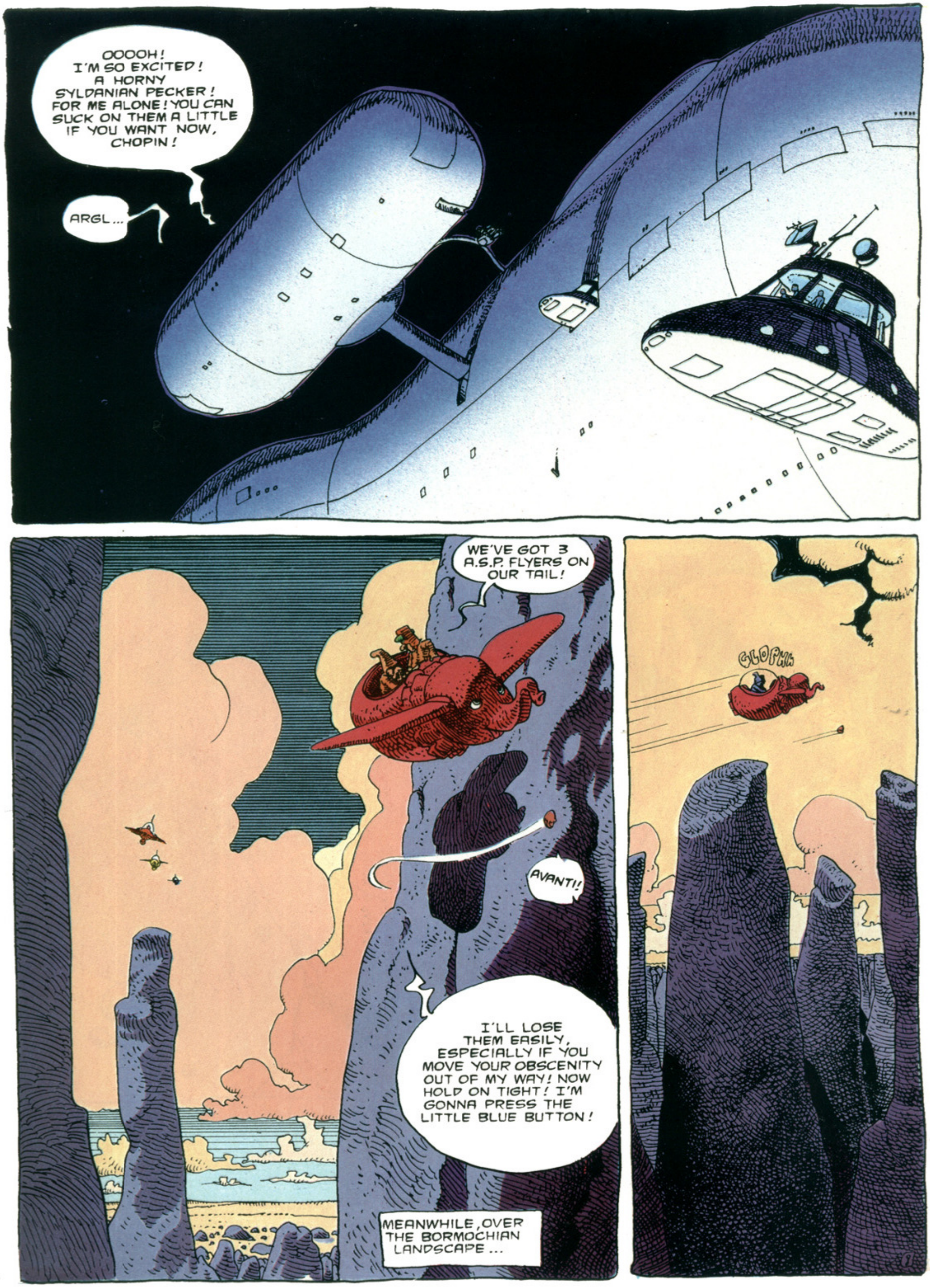
OK! NOW FOR THE MESSAGE!
BUENOS DIAS, MONSIEUR! YO VENGO ON BEHALF DE LA SEÑORA KOWALSKY...
ELLE IS BURNING TO CHAT WITH TOI ABOUT A WHOLE RANGE OF EMOTIONAL THINGS...
AMONG OTHER THINGS.
SHE SAID TO TELL YOU IT'S PRESSING...
WHY? SHE WANTS TO TAKE ME TO THE CLEANERS?
NOW, NOW, YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL WHAT I MEAN!
THERE! LOOK!
THE MAN TALKING TO THE ROCK?
PRECISELY!
MY NAME'S PEDRO!
VERY FUNNY!
LITTLE YELLOW FLOWERS
THE MAN SELLING LITTLE YELLOW FLOWERS?
YES
SHIT! I'VE GOTTA THINK NOW, AND WEIGH THE PROS AND THE CONS...
LET'S GO!
FOR A MINUTE HE MADE ME THINK OF EFREM ZIMBALIST IN BLUE MISDEEDS & REPRESSED PUNISHMENTS OF BARZOOE S. PEDALOE...
A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WORK...
A FEW MILLIONTHS OF A SECOND LATER (OR MAYBE EVEN BEFORE!) ...
WHAT SHOULD I DO? DO I GO WITH HIM, OR STAY HERE? IS IT A TRAP? ONE LAID BY THE CRAZY SECT OF BALL-CUTTERS OUT FOR MY BALLS? NAH, THOSE ASSHOLES CAN'T AFFORD SUCH A SMALL PET ROCK! WHO IS THIS KOWALSKY DAME ANYWAY? THAT'S AN EARTHWOMAN'S NAME, BUT WHAT WOULD AN EARTHWOMAN WANT WITH ME? IF SHE KNOWS ABOUT MY CONDITION, THEN THE BITCH MUST KNOW WHAT A CHANCE SHE'S TAKING... MAYBE SHE ONLY WANTS TO LOOK AT IT? MY FOOT, I BET THE SOW WANTS TO CUT IT OFF AND PUT IT IN A JAR!!! AT LEAST, I'M SURE SHE'S NOT WITH THE ANTI-SPERM POLICE. THOSE BASTARDS DON'T PLAY THOSE KINDS OF GAMES, ESPECIALLY IN SUCH AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE AS THE BORMOCHES. SO, WHAT SHOULD I DO? DO I GO OR DO I STAY?

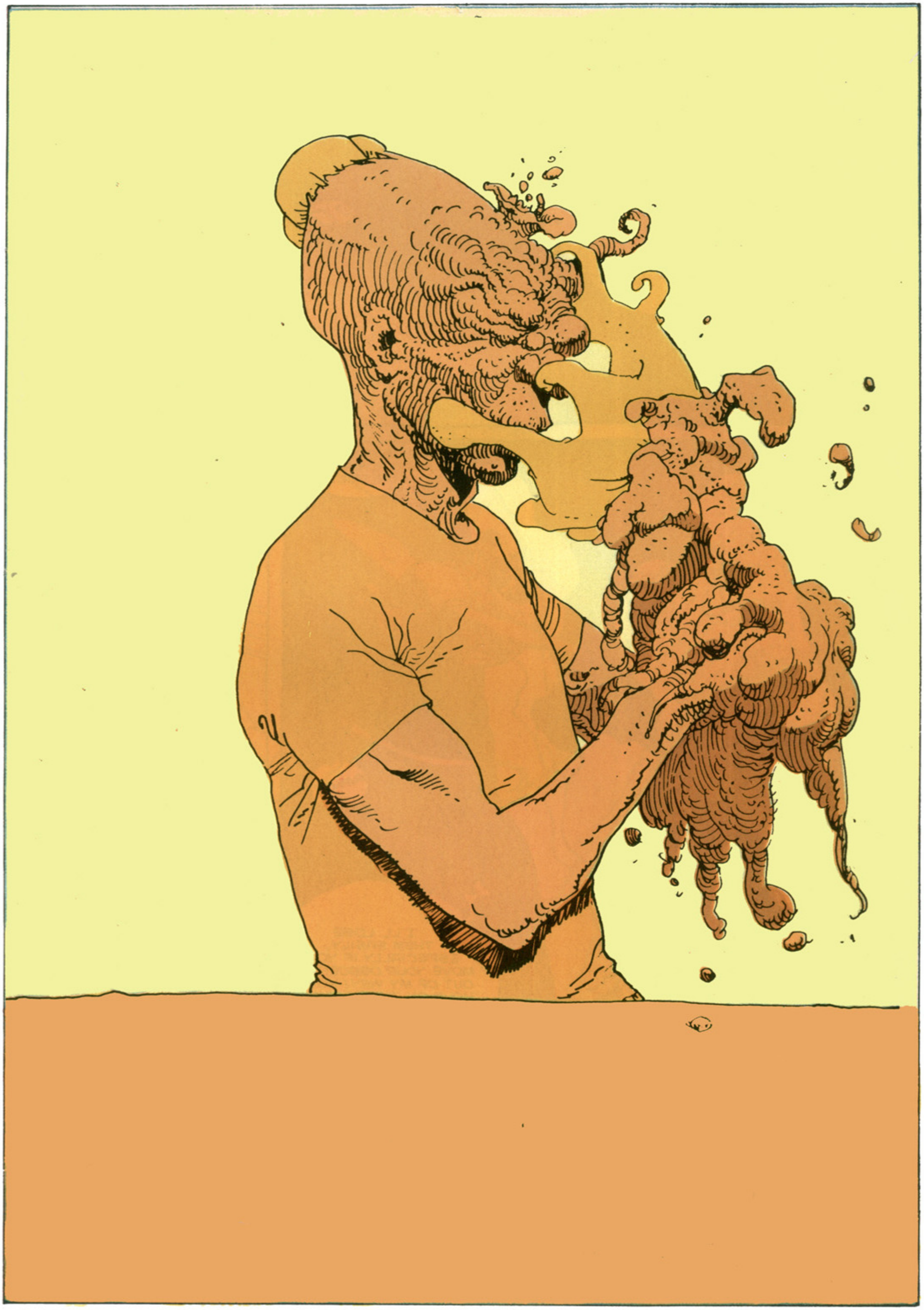


* A DRAMATIC MISTAKE! ANOTHER WILD PECKER, BELIEVING HIMSELF TO HAVE BEEN SPOTTED, IS GOING TO ESCAPE ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS. HE IS THEN GOING TO EMBARK ON ALL SORTS OF INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES, AND WILL EVEN-TUALLY END UP LIVING A MISERABLE EXISTENCE ON ANOTHER PLANET, IN ANOTHER TIME. WORKING FOR ANOTHER PUBLISHER.

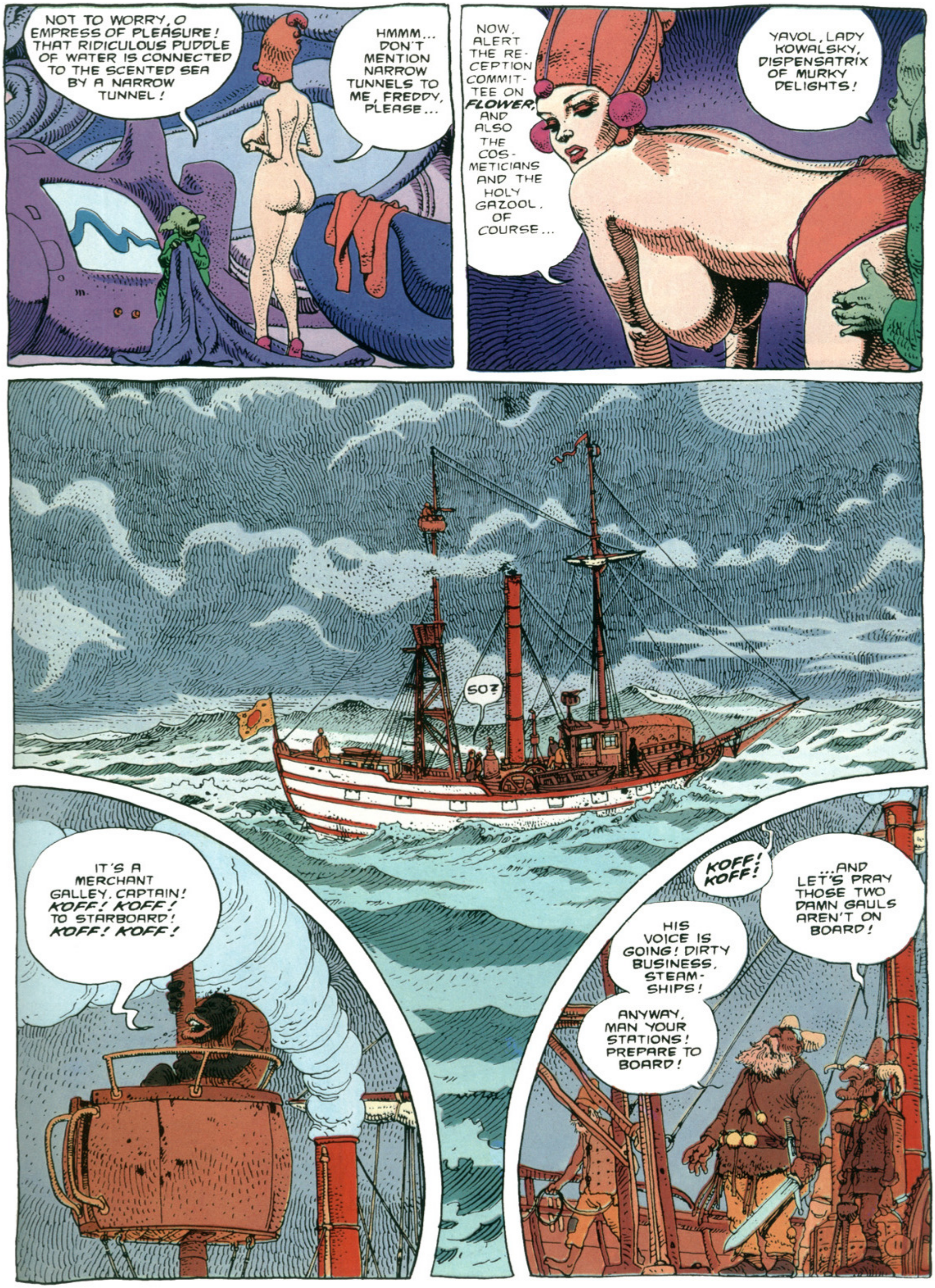


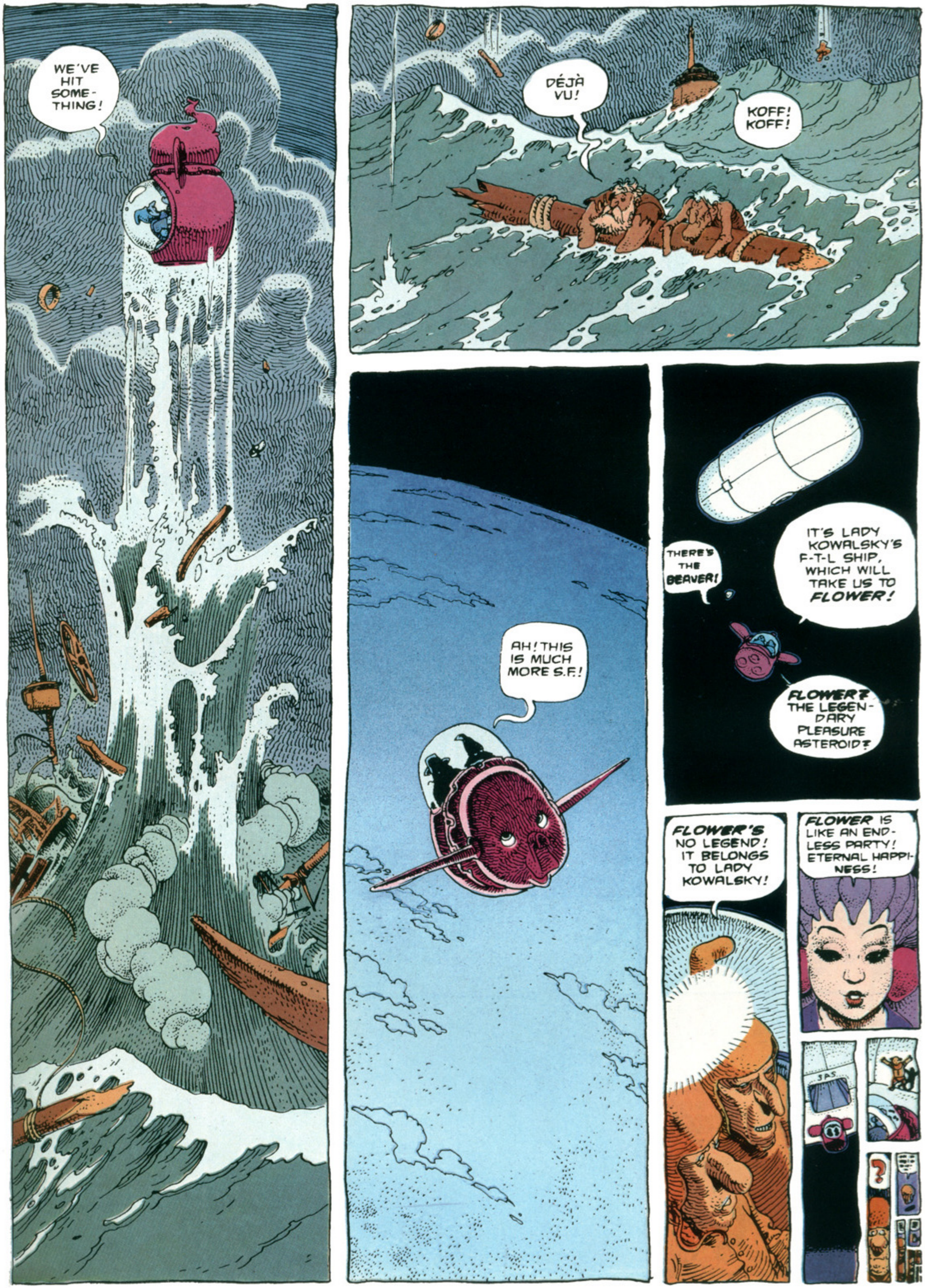

NO, SIR, THIS PLANE IS NOT A JOKE! IT COMBINES THE MOST SOPHISTICATED FLYING TECHNOLOGY WITH A DESIGN BORROWED FROM EARTH'S MOST PREHISTORIC PAST!
YOU'VE GOT ME NOW, ROCK!
LADY KOWALSKY, ONE SMART COOKIE!
THE WILD PECKER HAS FALLEN INTO THE TRAP BY YOU LAID, O LADY KOWALSKY, QUEEN OF MY MOST EXCITING, FRENETIC, AND WETTEST DREAMS! CAN I SUCK ON YOUR BUBBIES NOW, MILADY?
IT IS NOT YET TIME FOR NURSING, LITTLE CHOPIN. BESIDES, NOW WE'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT HOW TO GET THAT WILD PECKER, WHOSE SIZE YOU WERE EARLIER EXTOLLING, ABOARD MY SHIP WITHOUT ALERTING K'USTOMS. IF THEY FIND OUT, THE SYLDANIAN COUNCIL WILL USE THE NOTORIOUS ARTICLE 1 AND PROCLAIM A GENETIC EMBARGO. THEY'LL RAISE THE ADMIRALTY, THE HIGH ORDER, AND THE YELLOW-STRIPED STATION MANAGERS' GUILD-- AND YOU KNOW HOW ALL THOSE PEOPLE HATE ME SINCE THE AFFAIR OF THE HOLY GAZOOL!


OOOOH! I'M SO EXCITED! A HORNY SYLDANIAN PECKER! FOR ME ALONE! YOU CAN SUCK ON THEM A LITTLE IF YOU WANT NOW, CHOPIN!
ARGL...
MEANWHILE, OVER THE BORMOCHIAN LANDSCAPE...
WE'VE GOT 3 A.S.P. FLYERS ON OUR TAIL!
AVANTI!
I'LL LOSE THEM EASILY, ESPECIALLY IF YOU MOVE YOUR OBSCENITY OUT OF MY WAY! NOW HOLD ON TIGHT! I'M GONNA PRESS THE LITTLE BLUE BUTTON!
GLOPHH

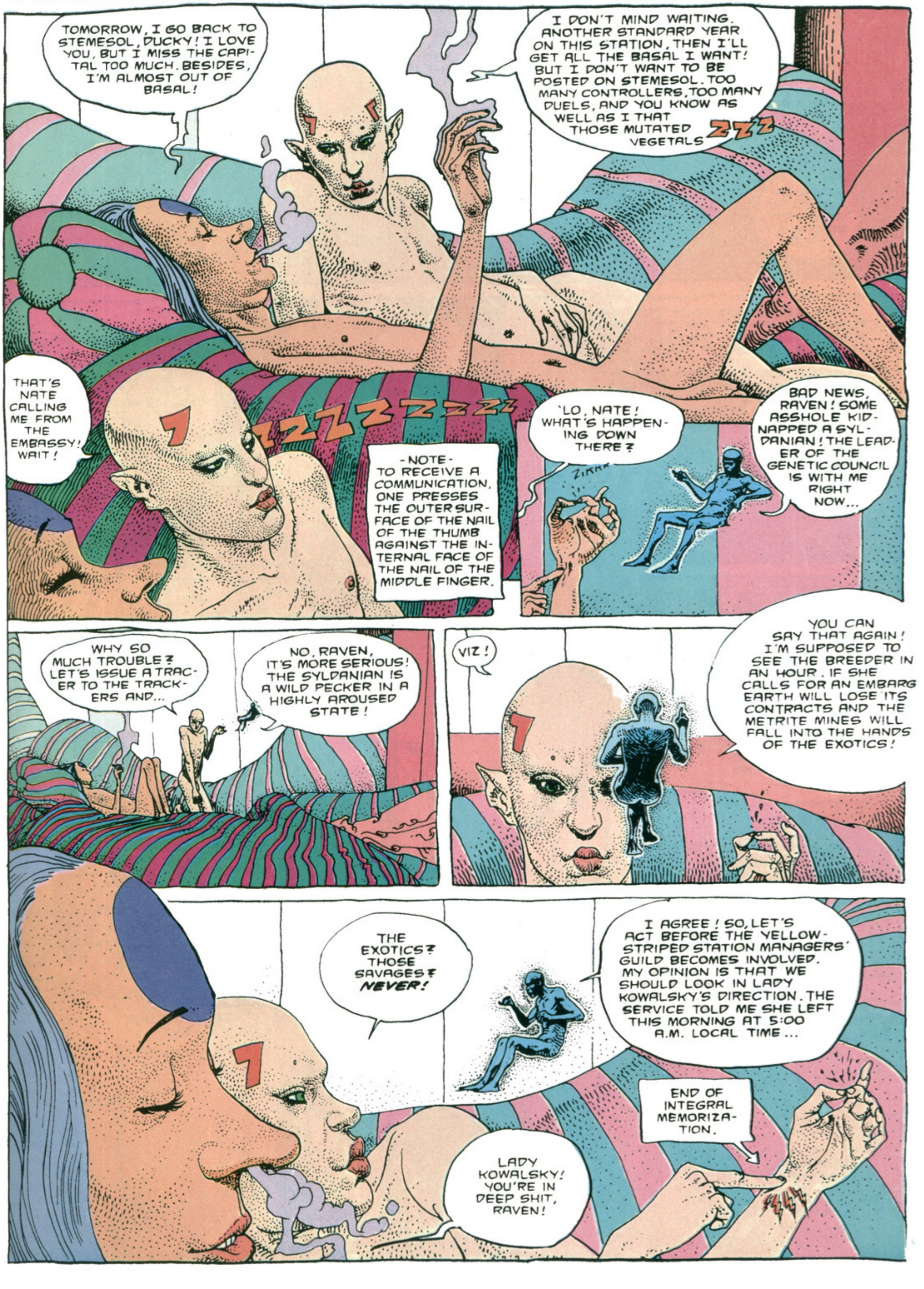


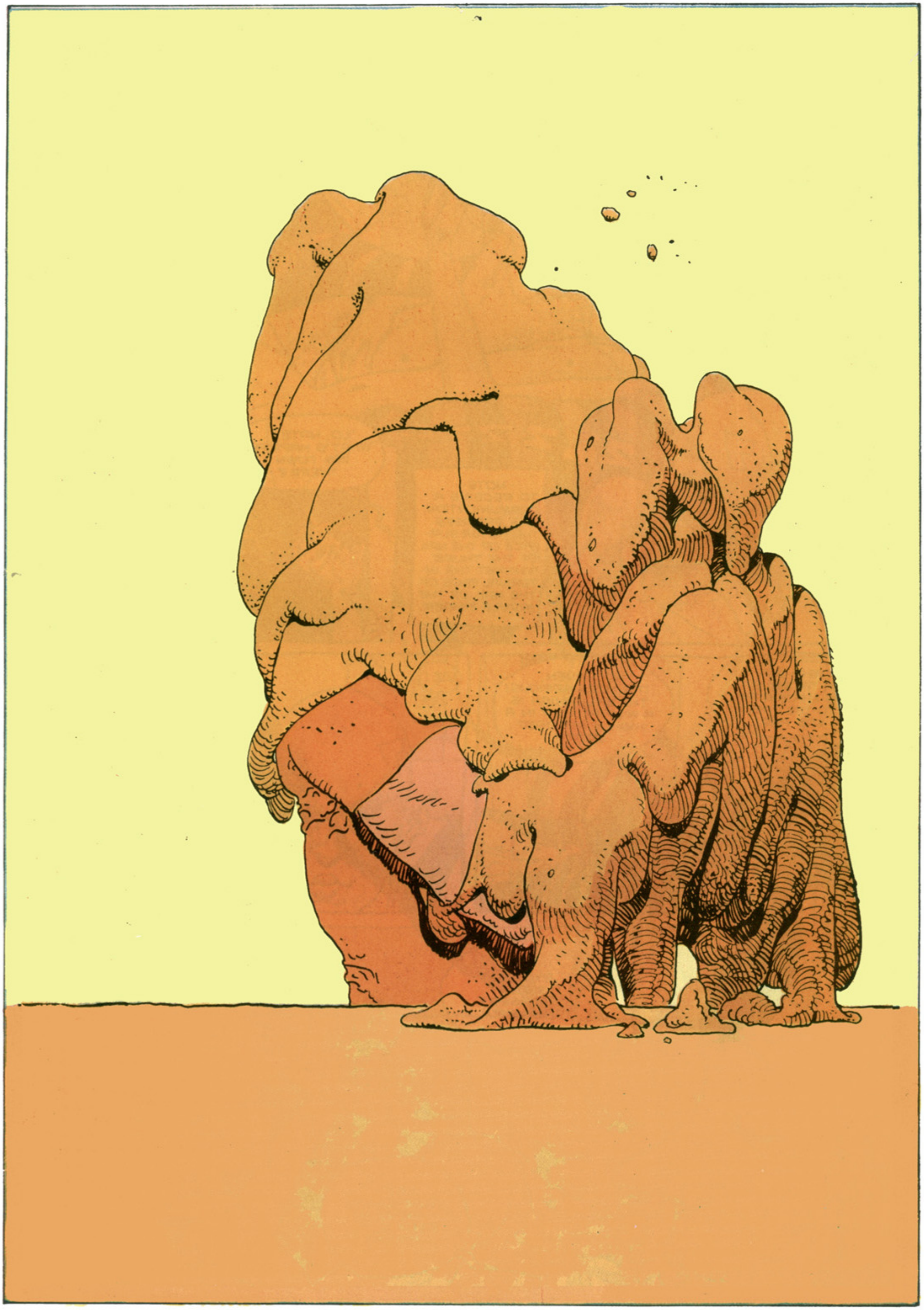
MEANWHILE...
BLOUDYELLE! THEY'VE CRASHED HORRIBLY! BY ZARVID! I'M WARNING YOU, FREDERIC. IF MY WILD PECKER IS DAMAGED, I'LL... I'LL HAVE A NO. 3 PAIN DISK GRAFTED ONTO YOU!

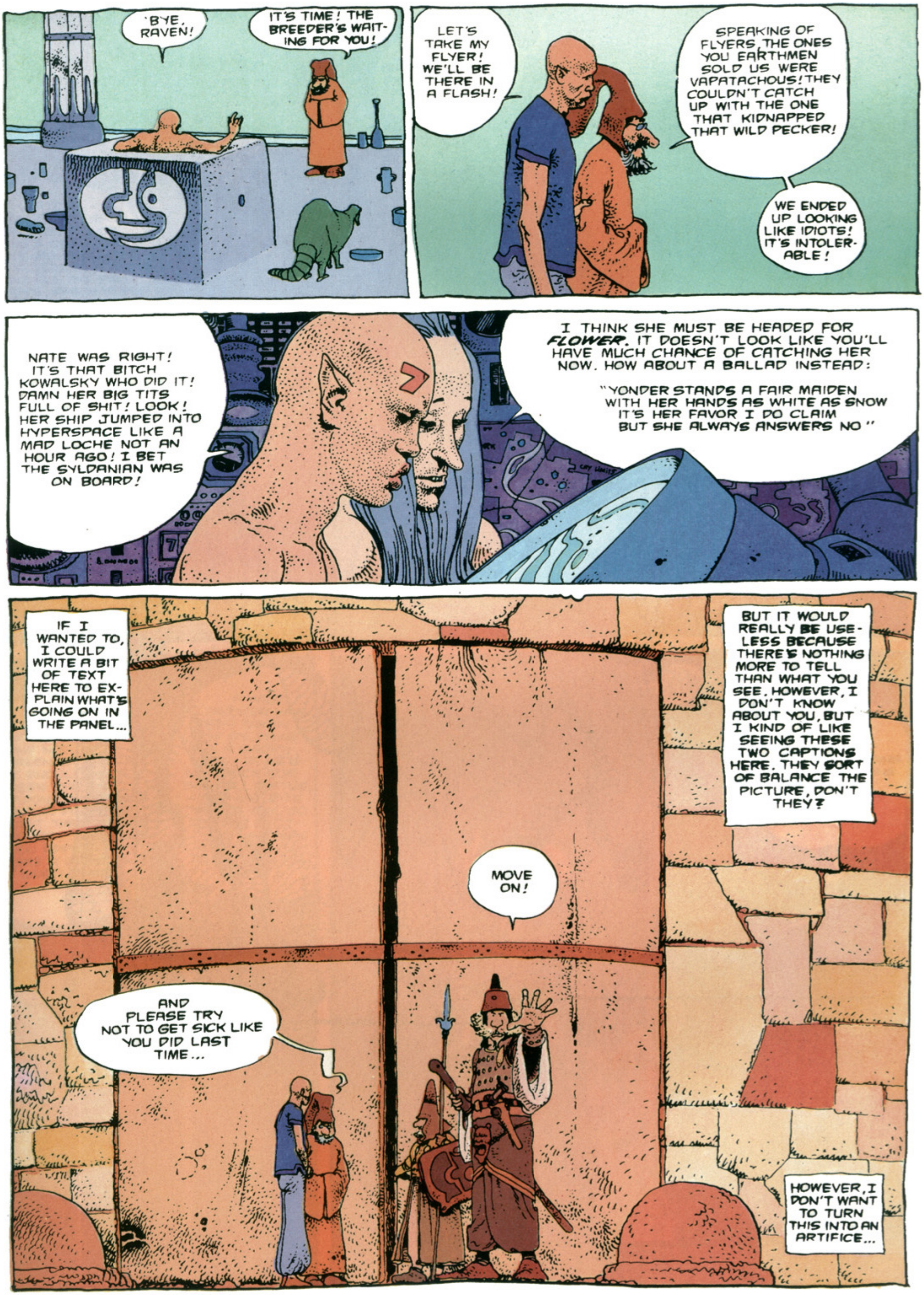

NOT TO WORRY, O EMPRESS OF PLEASURE! THAT RIDICULOUS PUDDLE OF WATER IS CONNECTED TO THE SCENTED SEA BY A NARROW TUNNEL!
HMMM... DON'T MENTION NARROW TUNNELS TO ME, FREDDY, PLEASE...
NOW, ALERT THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE ON **FLOWER,** AND ALSO THE COSMETICIANS AND THE HOLY GAZOOL, OF COURSE...
YAVOL, LADY KOWALSKY, DISPENSATRIX OF MURKY DELIGHTS!
SO?
IT'S A MERCHANT GALLEY, CAPTAIN! **KOFF! KOFF!** TO STARBOARD! **KOFF! KOFF!**
KOFF! KOFF!
...AND LET'S PRAY THOSE TWO DAMN GAULS AREN'T ON BOARD!
HIS VOICE IS GOING! DIRTY BUSINESS, STEAMSHIPS!
ANYWAY, MAN YOUR STATIONS! PREPARE TO BOARD!

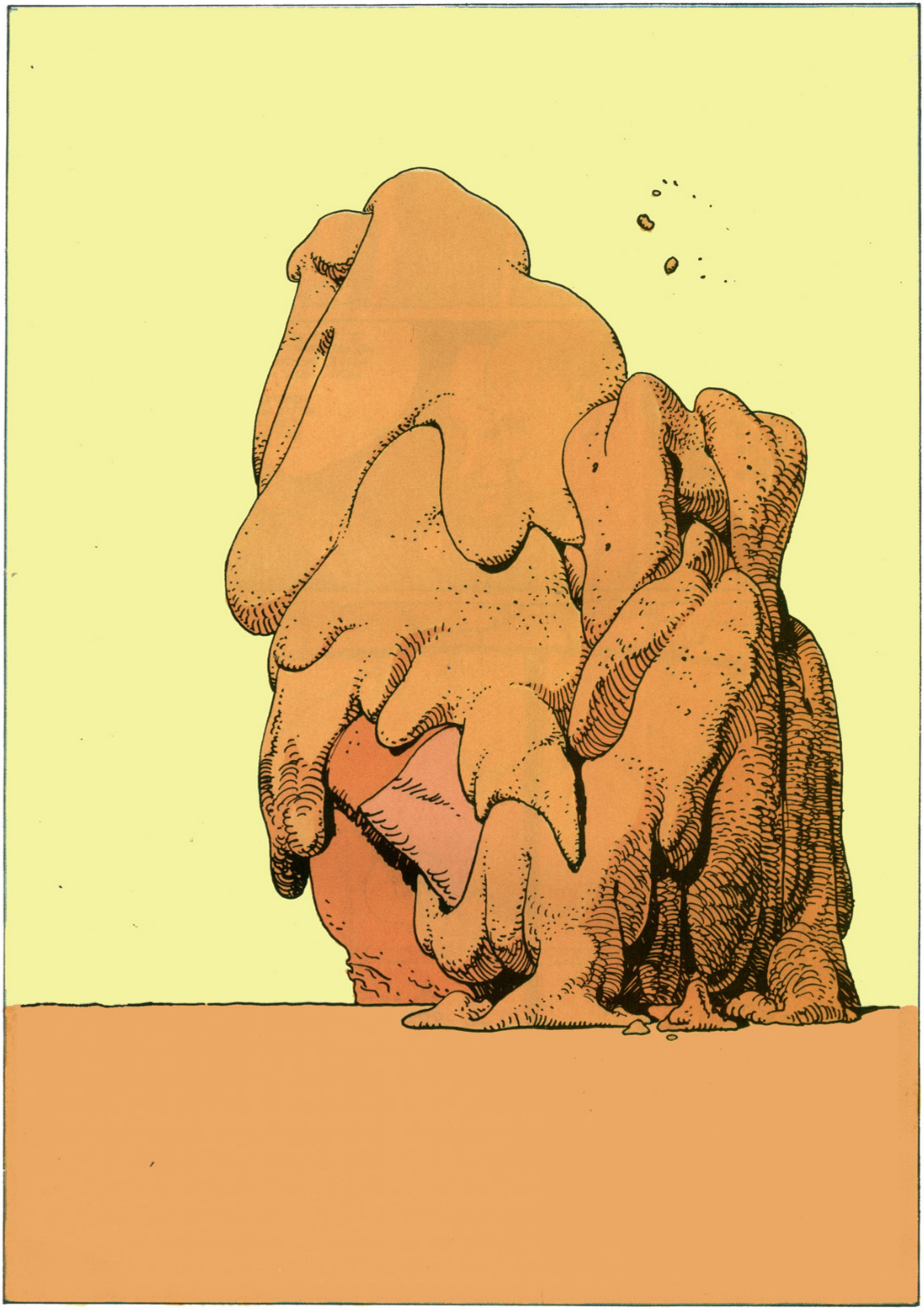

WE'VE HIT SOME-THING!
DÉJÀ VU!
KOFF! KOFF!
AH! THIS IS MUCH MORE S.F.!
THERE'S THE BEAVER!
IT'S LADY KOWALSKY'S F-T-L SHIP, WHICH WILL TAKE US TO FLOWER!
FLOWER? THE LEGEN-DARY PLEASURE ASTEROID?
FLOWER'S NO LEGEND! IT BELONGS TO LADY KOWALSKY!
FLOWER IS LIKE AN END-LESS PARTY! ETERNAL HAPPI-NESS!

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE *CITY OF SHELTON*, THE HUGE STARLINER IN ORBIT AROUND SYLDAINE, THE PINK PLANET, IN THE APARTMENTS OF GOVERNOR AMBROSE JANO RAVEN IV...

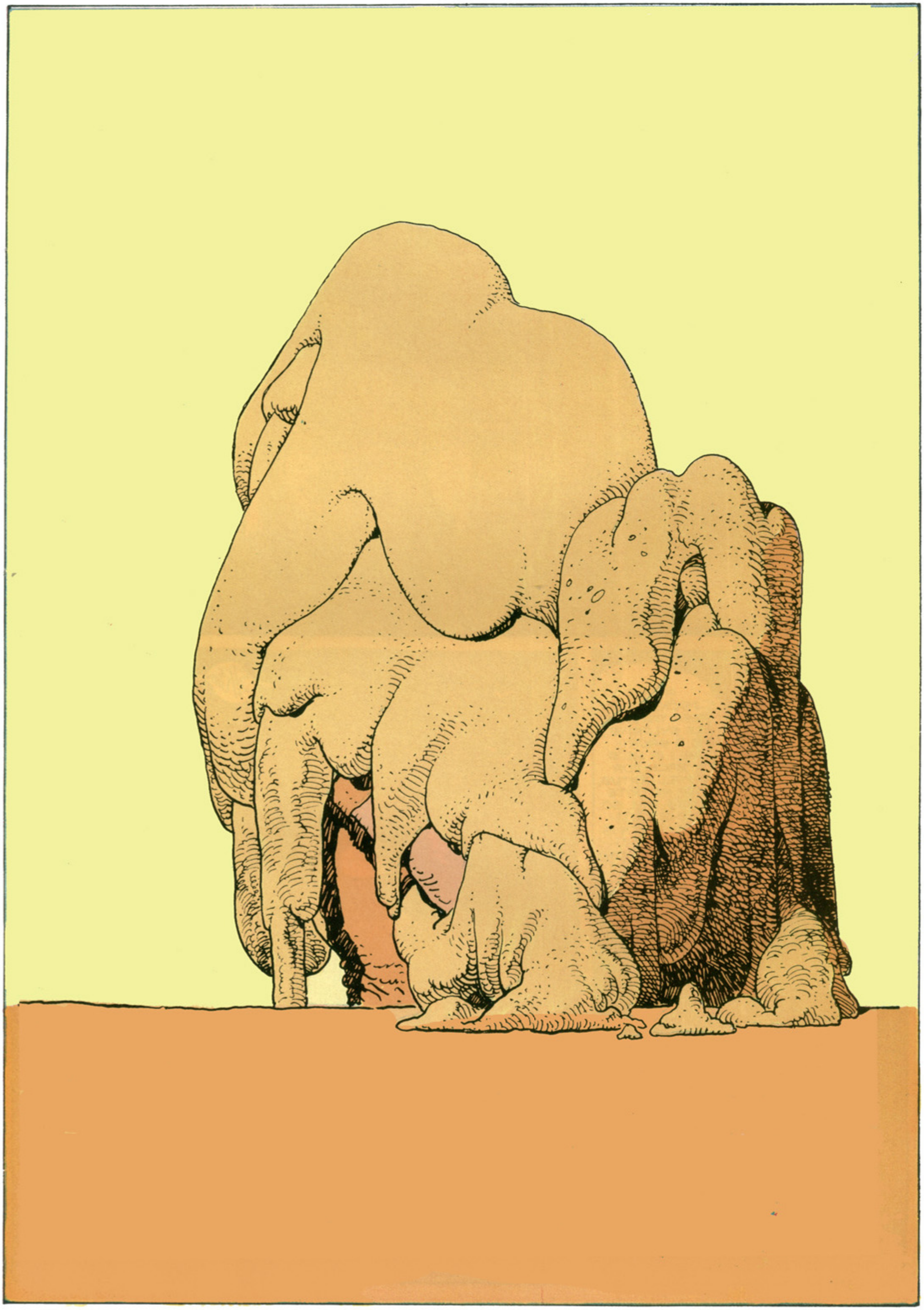


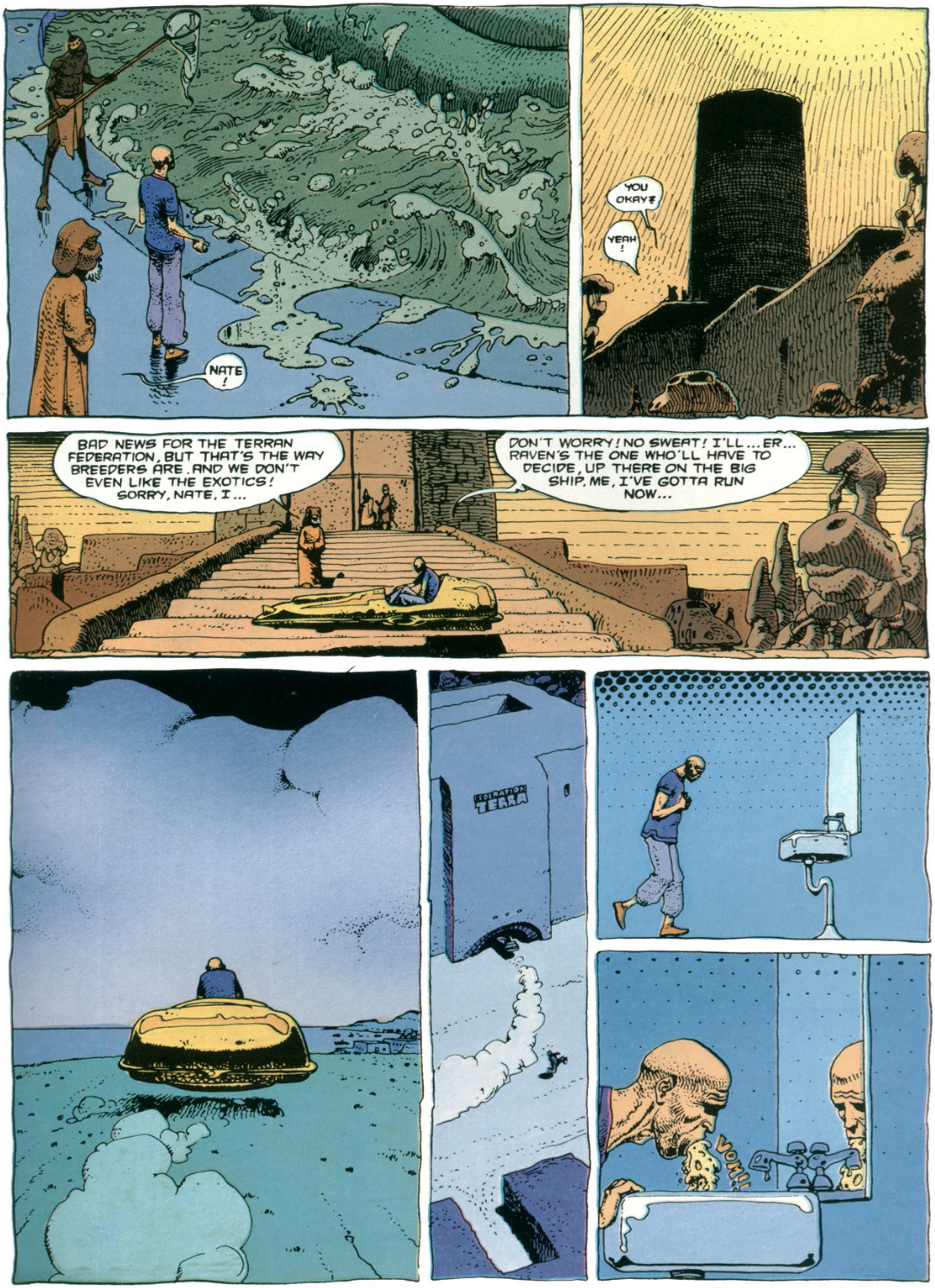


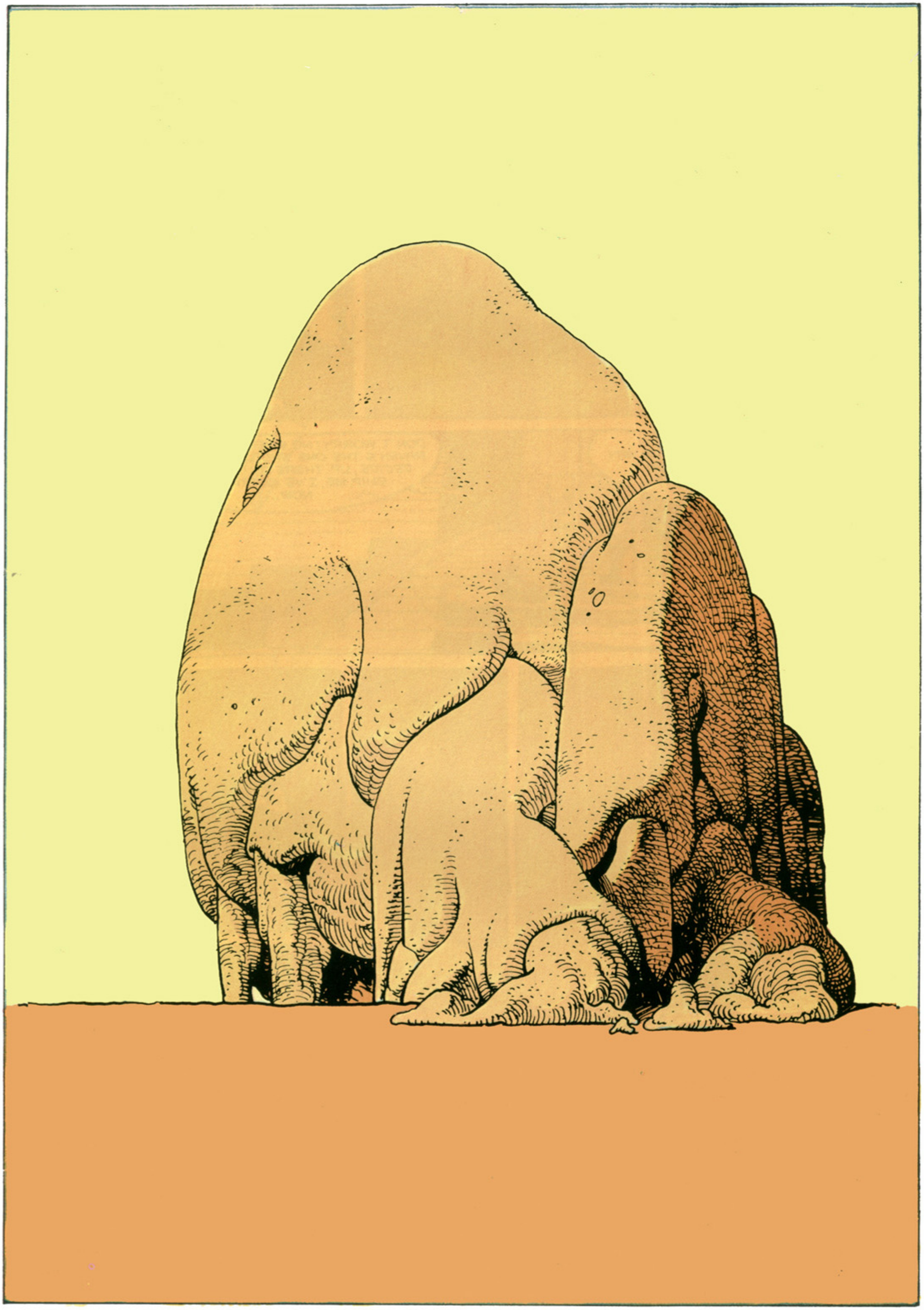

'BYE, RAVEN!
IT'S TIME! THE BREEDER'S WAITING FOR YOU!
LET'S TAKE MY FLYER! WE'LL BE THERE IN A FLASH!
SPEAKING OF FLYERS, THE ONES YOU EARTHMEN SOLD US WERE VAPATACHOUS! THEY COULDN'T CATCH UP WITH THE ONE THAT KIDNAPPED THAT WILD PECKER!
WE ENDED UP LOOKING LIKE IDIOTS! IT'S INTOLERABLE!
NATE WAS RIGHT! IT'S THAT BITCH KOWALSKY WHO DID IT! DAMN HER BIG TITS FULL OF SHIT! LOOK! HER SHIP JUMPED INTO HYPERSPACE LIKE A MAD LOCHE NOT AN HOUR AGO! I BET THE SYLDANIAN WAS ON BOARD!
I THINK SHE MUST BE HEADED FOR FLOWER. IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOU'LL HAVE MUCH CHANCE OF CATCHING HER NOW. HOW ABOUT A BALLAD INSTEAD:
"YONDER STANDS A FAIR MAIDEN WITH HER HANDS AS WHITE AS SNOW IT'S HER FAVOR I DO CLAIM BUT SHE ALWAYS ANSWERS NO"
IF I WANTED TO, I COULD WRITE A BIT OF TEXT HERE TO EXPLAIN WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE PANEL...
BUT IT WOULD REALLY BE USELESS BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO TELL THAN WHAT YOU SEE. HOWEVER, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I KIND OF LIKE SEEING THESE TWO CAPTIONS HERE. THEY SORT OF BALANCE THE PICTURE, DON'T THEY?
MOVE ON!
AND PLEASE TRY NOT TO GET SICK LIKE YOU DID LAST TIME...
HOWEVER, I DON'T WANT TO TURN THIS INTO AN ARTIFICE...



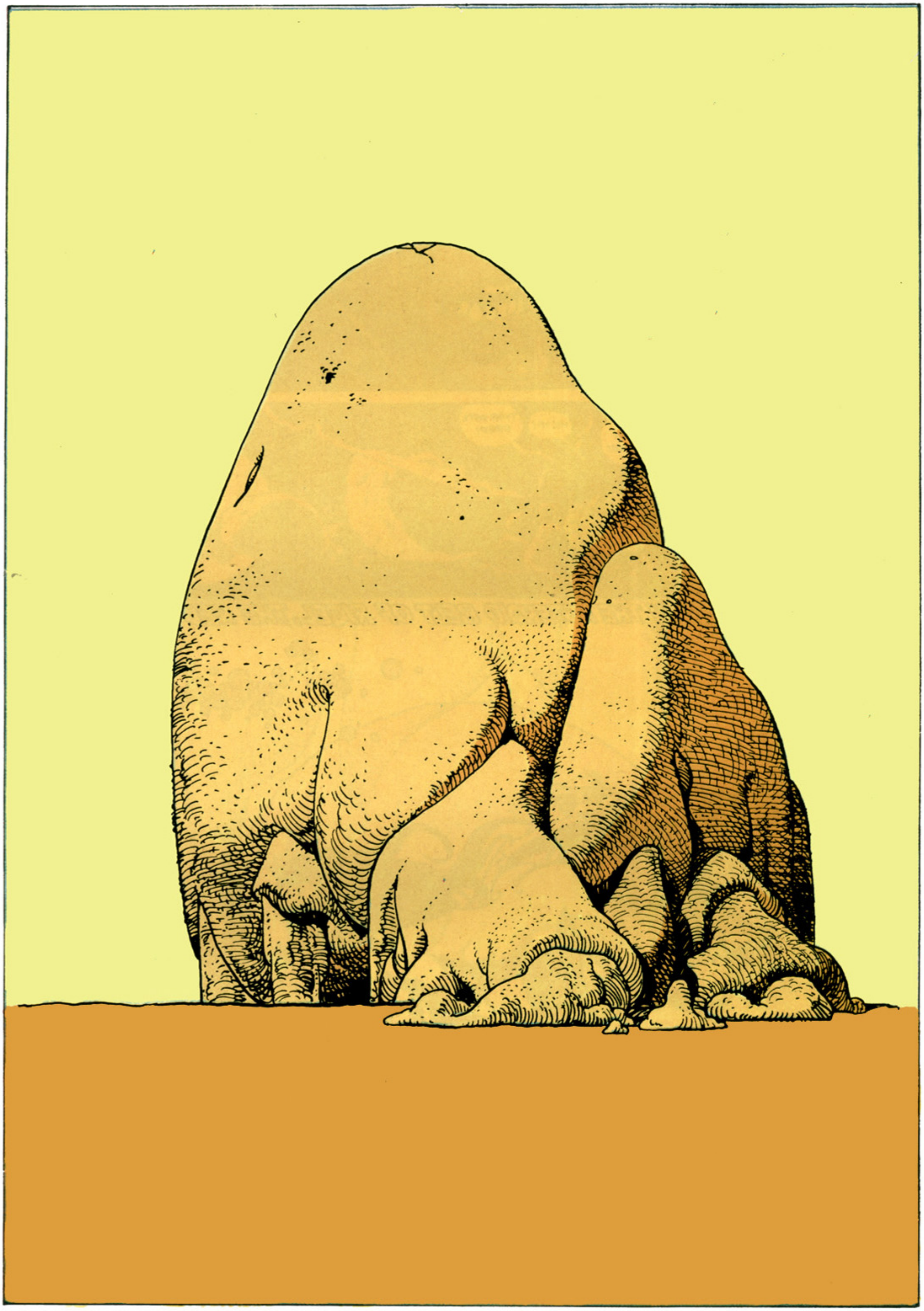
COME CLOSER, NATE-OF-THE-PINK-SKIN! AND TRY NOT TO FALL INTO MY TANK!
WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, OK? RIGHT NOW, SHE'S ONLY PRODUCING ASEXUALS. IT'S TERRIBLE. THEY EAT ALL THE PROTIDES, WHICH IS BAD FOR THE NUTRITIVE FLUIDS... YOU FOLLOW ME?
I... I THINK I DO!
FIRST, HOW CAN ANYONE NOT BE GREEN-SKINNED? I SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE ONE PUKING MY GUTS OUT IN DISGUST LAST TIME! NEVER FORGET THAT, WHEN YOU APPEAR BEFORE A BREEDER, EARTHMAN!
A WILD PECKER HAS BEEN TAKEN OFF SYLDAINE! IT'S A SACRILEGE! IF HE'S NOT BACK FOR THE FALL COITUS, THE METRITE MINES WILL GO TO THE EXOTICS! SUCH IS MY IRREVOCABLE DECISION!
STRIIIIIIIIIIVID
SHE'S FINISHED! NOW SHE'S GOING TO LAY! STAYING COULD BE DANGEROUS! LET'S GO!
BUT...

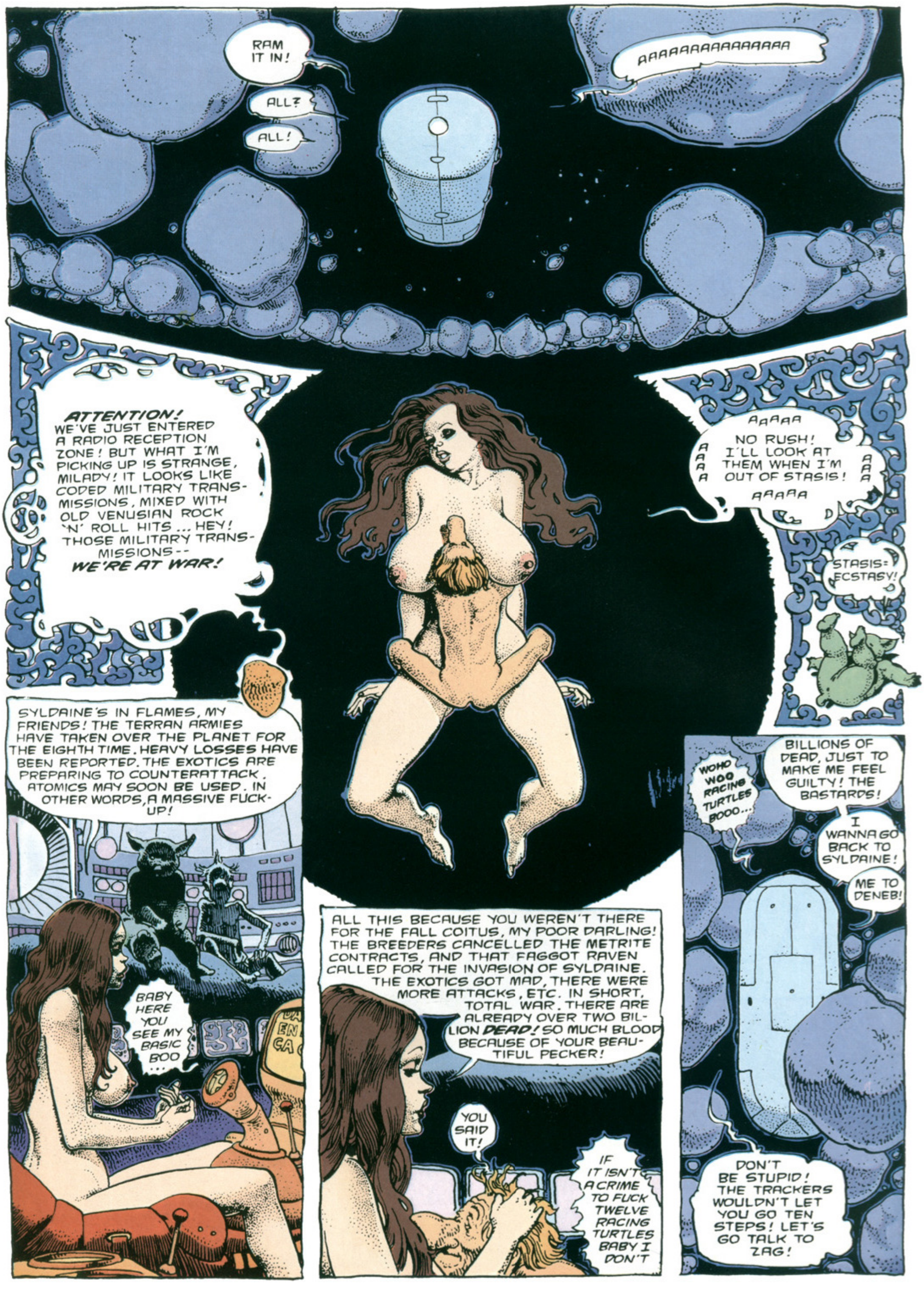


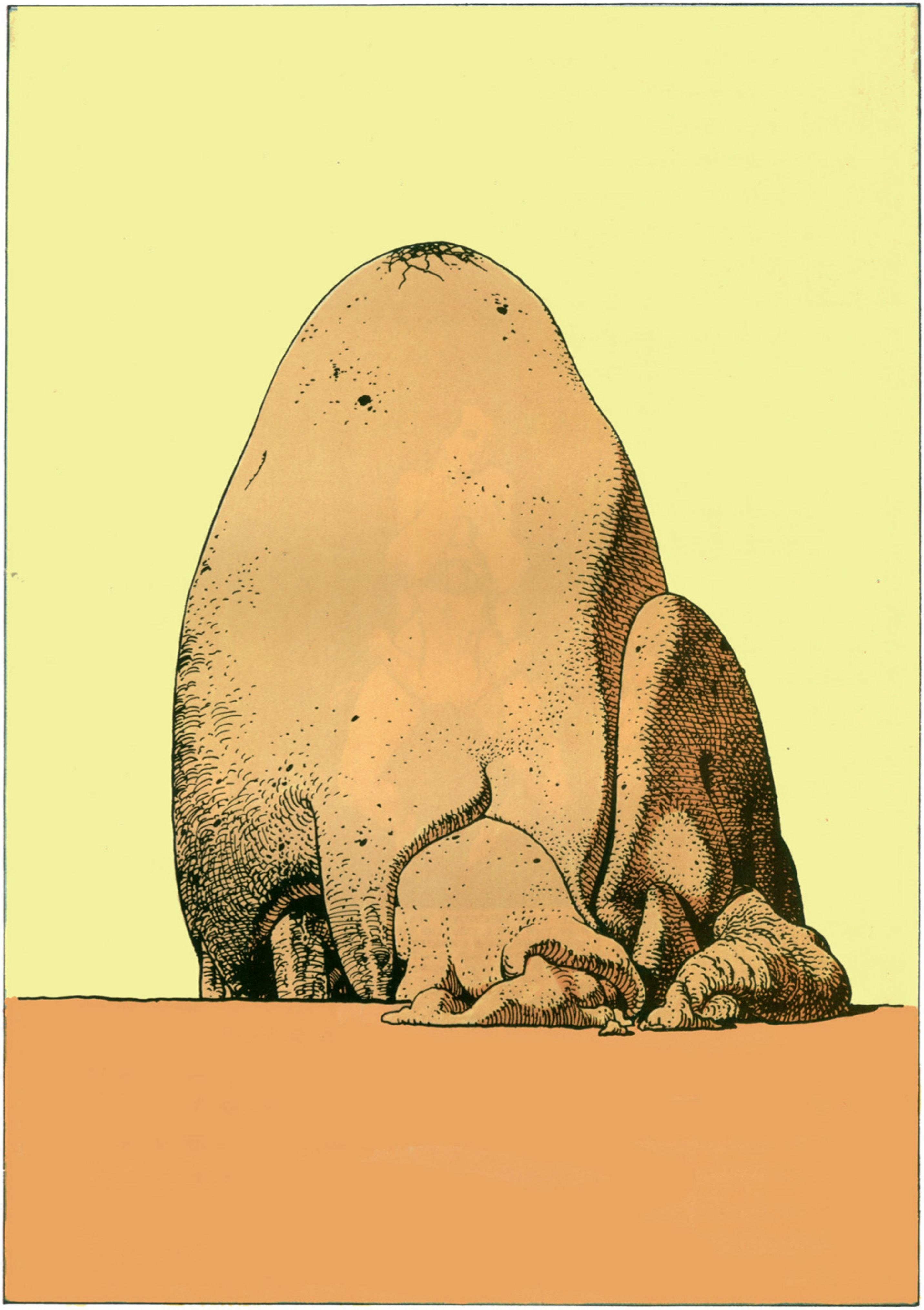

NATE!
YOU OKAY?
YEAH!
BAD NEWS FOR THE TERRAN FEDERATION, BUT THAT'S THE WAY BREEDERS ARE. AND WE DON'T EVEN LIKE THE EXOTICS! SORRY, NATE, I...
DON'T WORRY! NO SWEAT! I'LL... ER... RAVEN'S THE ONE WHO'LL HAVE TO DECIDE, UP THERE ON THE BIG SHIP. ME, I'VE GOTTA RUN NOW...
FEDERATION TERRA
VOMI!

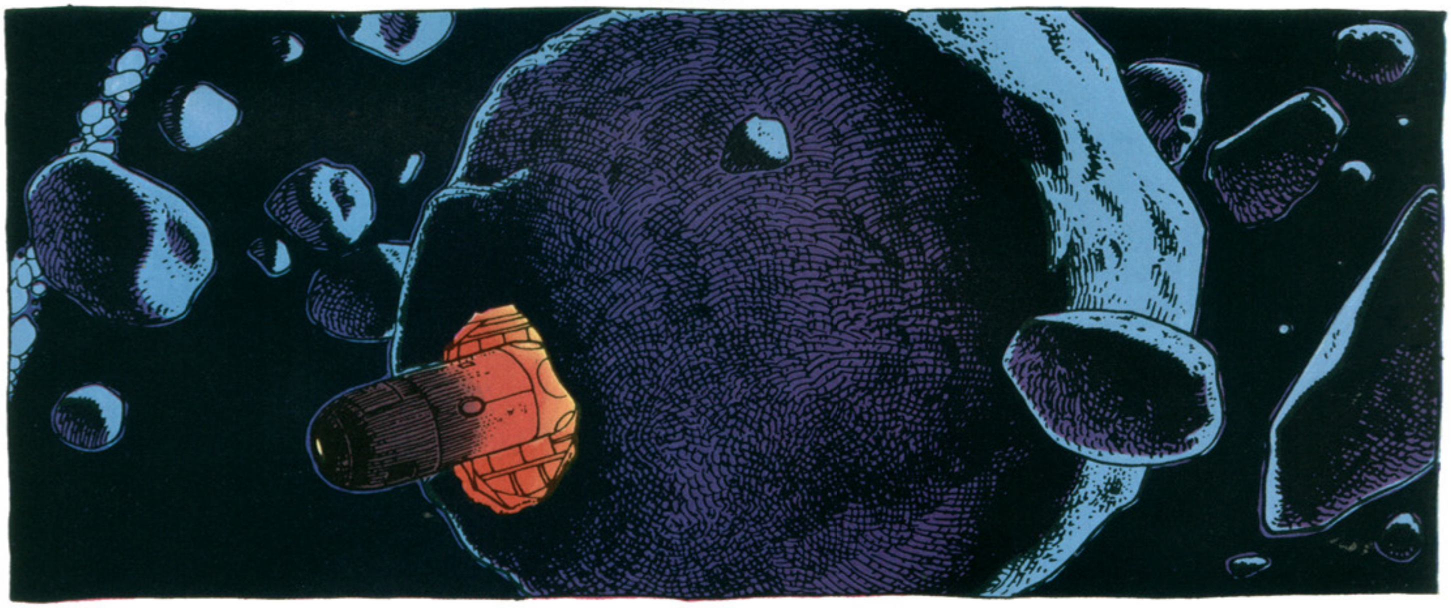


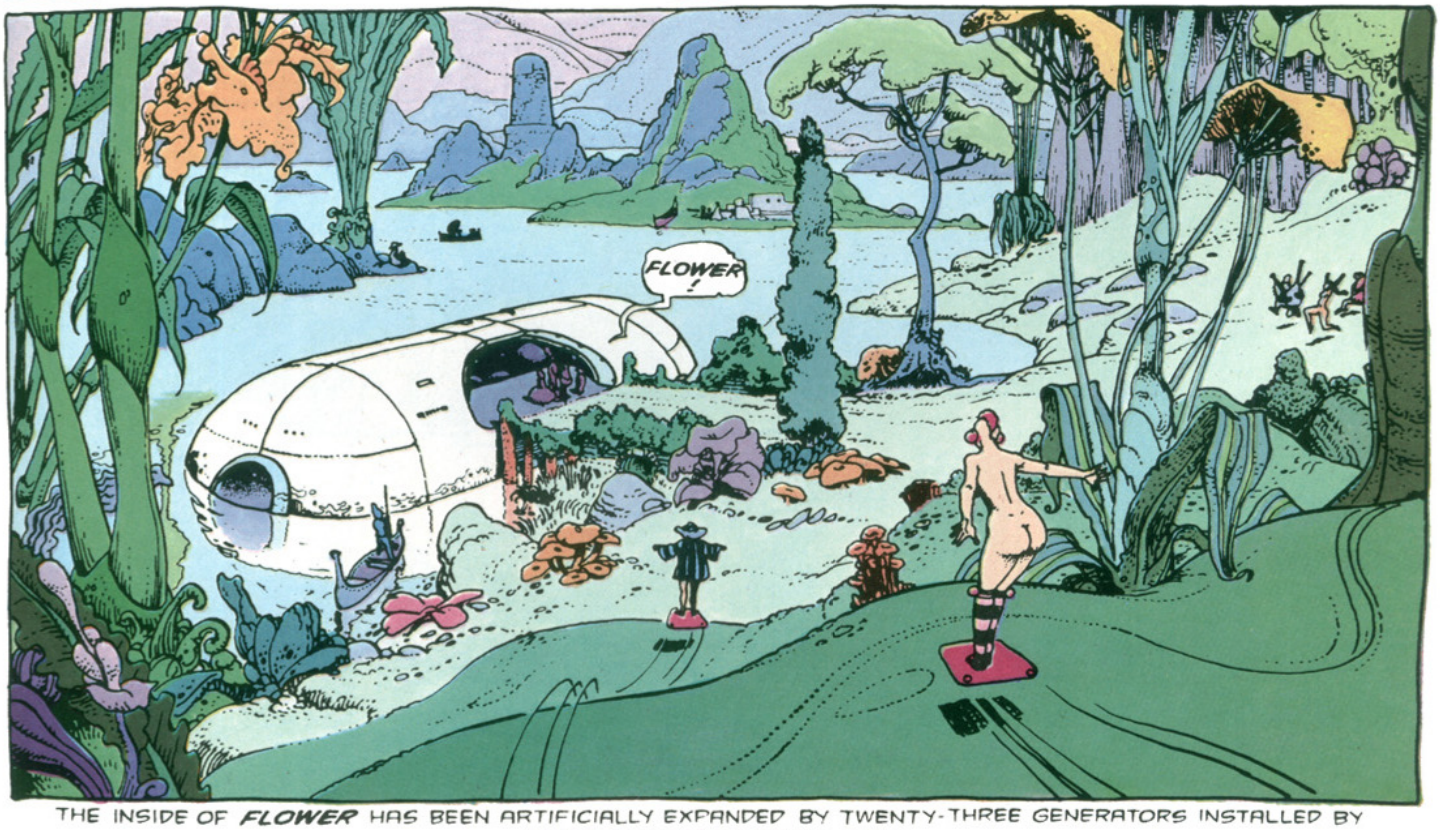
DAMN! MY CONDITIONING'S SHOT TO HELL!
LET'S PLAY HIDE AND TICKLE!
OOOH! PECKER DARLING!
HI! HI!
THIS WAY, FRED!
7 MONTHS LATER, IN THE ASTEROID BELT OF RIGEL, THE RED DWARF...
AVANTI!



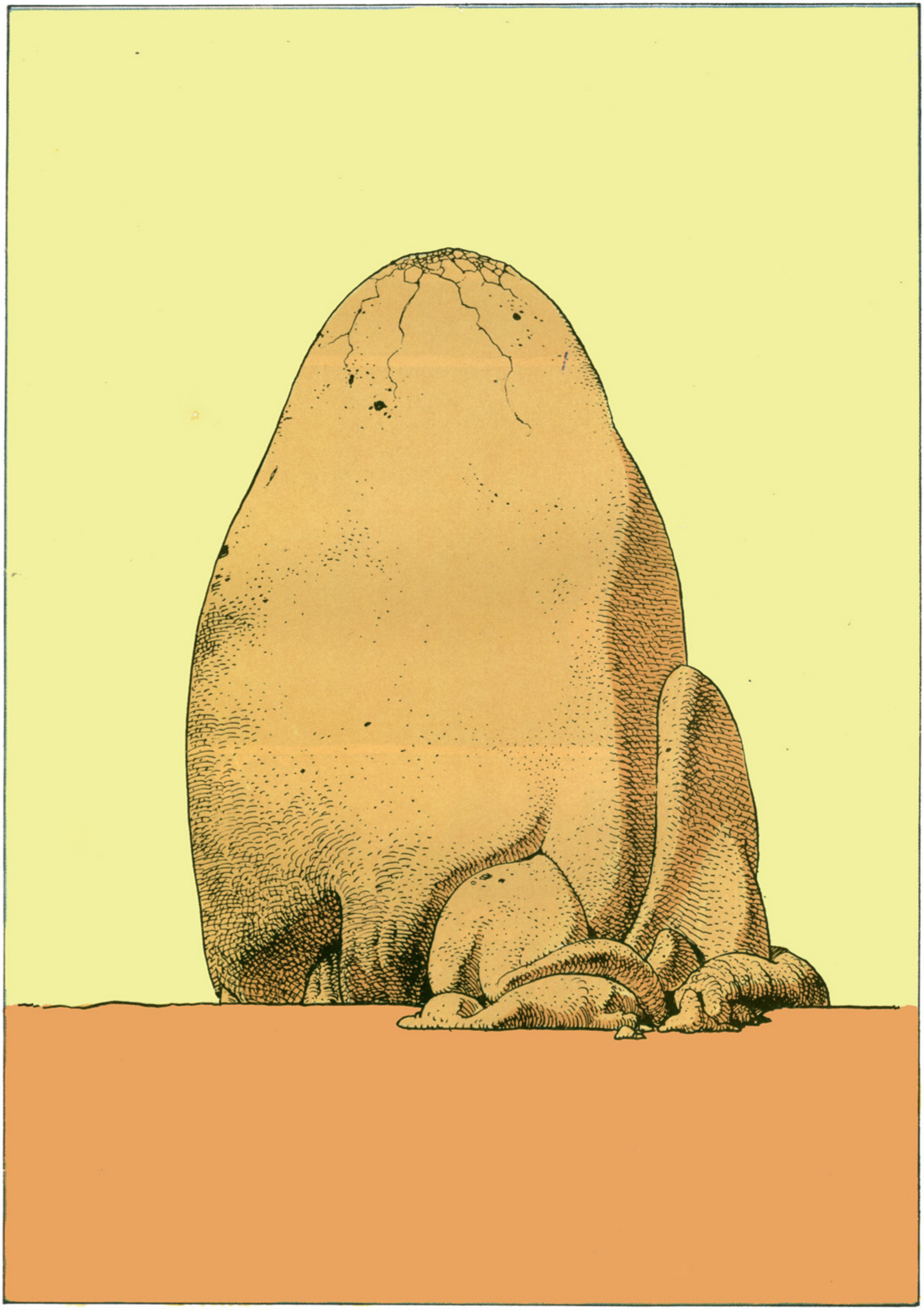

RAM IT IN!
ALL?
ALL!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
ATTENTION! WE'VE JUST ENTERED A RADIO RECEPTION ZONE! BUT WHAT I'M PICKING UP IS STRANGE, MILADY! IT LOOKS LIKE CODED MILITARY TRANSMISSIONS, MIXED WITH OLD VENUSIAN ROCK 'N' ROLL HITS ... HEY! THOSE MILITARY TRANSMISSIONS-- WE'RE AT WAR!
AAAAA NO RUSH! I'LL LOOK AT THEM WHEN I'M OUT OF STASIS! AAAAA AAA AAA
STASIS= ECSTASY!
SYLDAINE'S IN FLAMES, MY FRIENDS! THE TERRAN ARMIES HAVE TAKEN OVER THE PLANET FOR THE EIGHTH TIME. HEAVY LOSSES HAVE BEEN REPORTED. THE EXOTICS ARE PREPARING TO COUNTERATTACK. ATOMICS MAY SOON BE USED. IN OTHER WORDS, A MASSIVE FUCK-UP!
BABY HERE YOU SEE MY BASIC BOO ...
ALL THIS BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T THERE FOR THE FALL COITUS, MY POOR DARLING! THE BREEDERS CANCELLED THE METRITE CONTRACTS, AND THAT FAGGOT RAVEN CALLED FOR THE INVASION OF SYLDAINE. THE EXOTICS GOT MAD, THERE WERE MORE ATTACKS, ETC. IN SHORT, TOTAL WAR. THERE ARE ALREADY OVER TWO BILLION DEAD! SO MUCH BLOOD BECAUSE OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL PECKER!
YOU SAID IT!
IF IT ISN'T A CRIME TO FUCK TWELVE RACING TURTLES BABY I DON'T
WOHO WOO RACING TURTLES BOOO...
BILLIONS OF DEAD, JUST TO MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY! THE BASTARDS!
I WANNA GO BACK TO SYLDAINE!
ME TO DENEB!
DON'T BE STUPID! THE TRACKERS WOULDN'T LET YOU GO TEN STEPS! LET'S GO TALK TO ZAG!

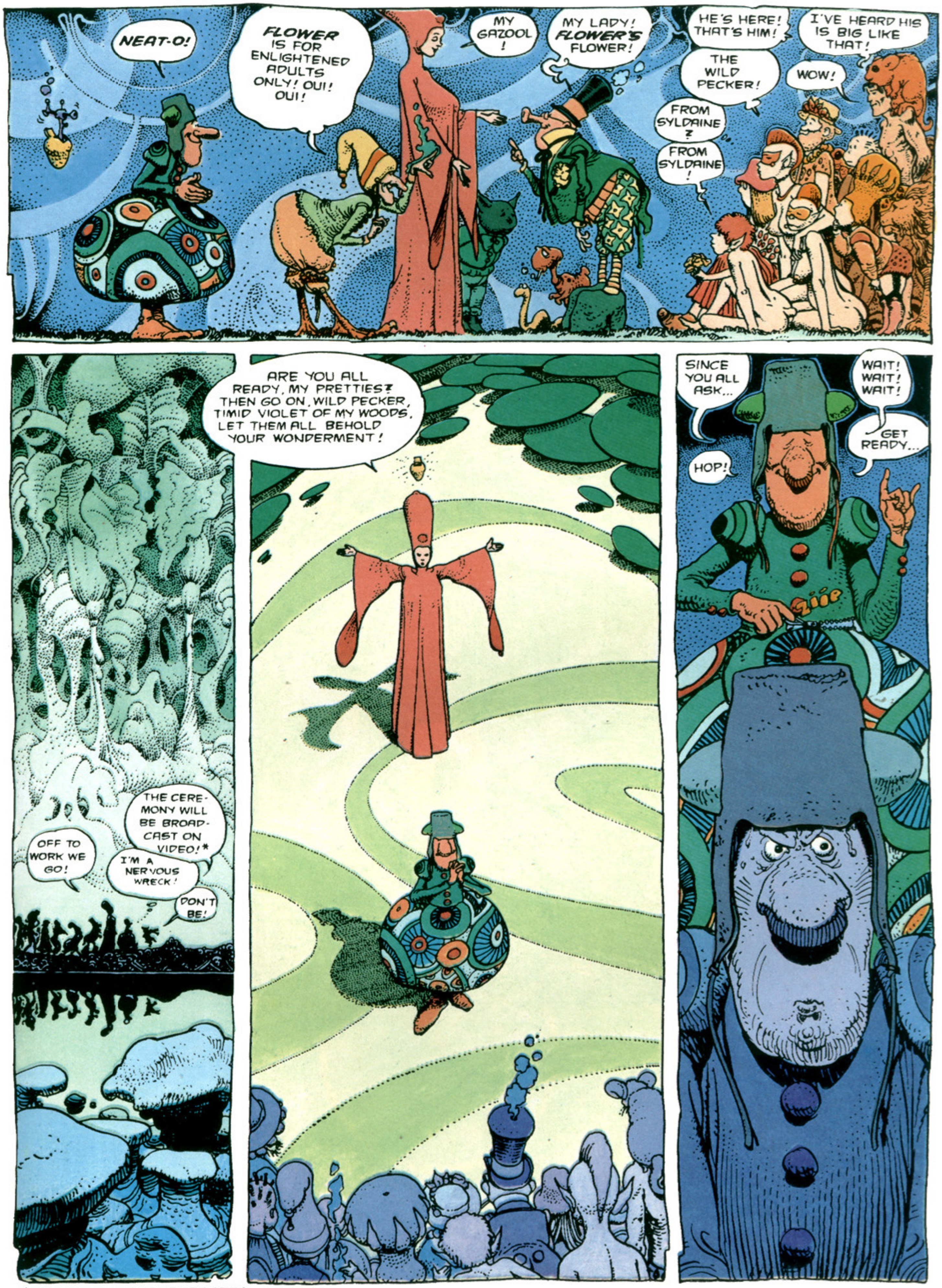




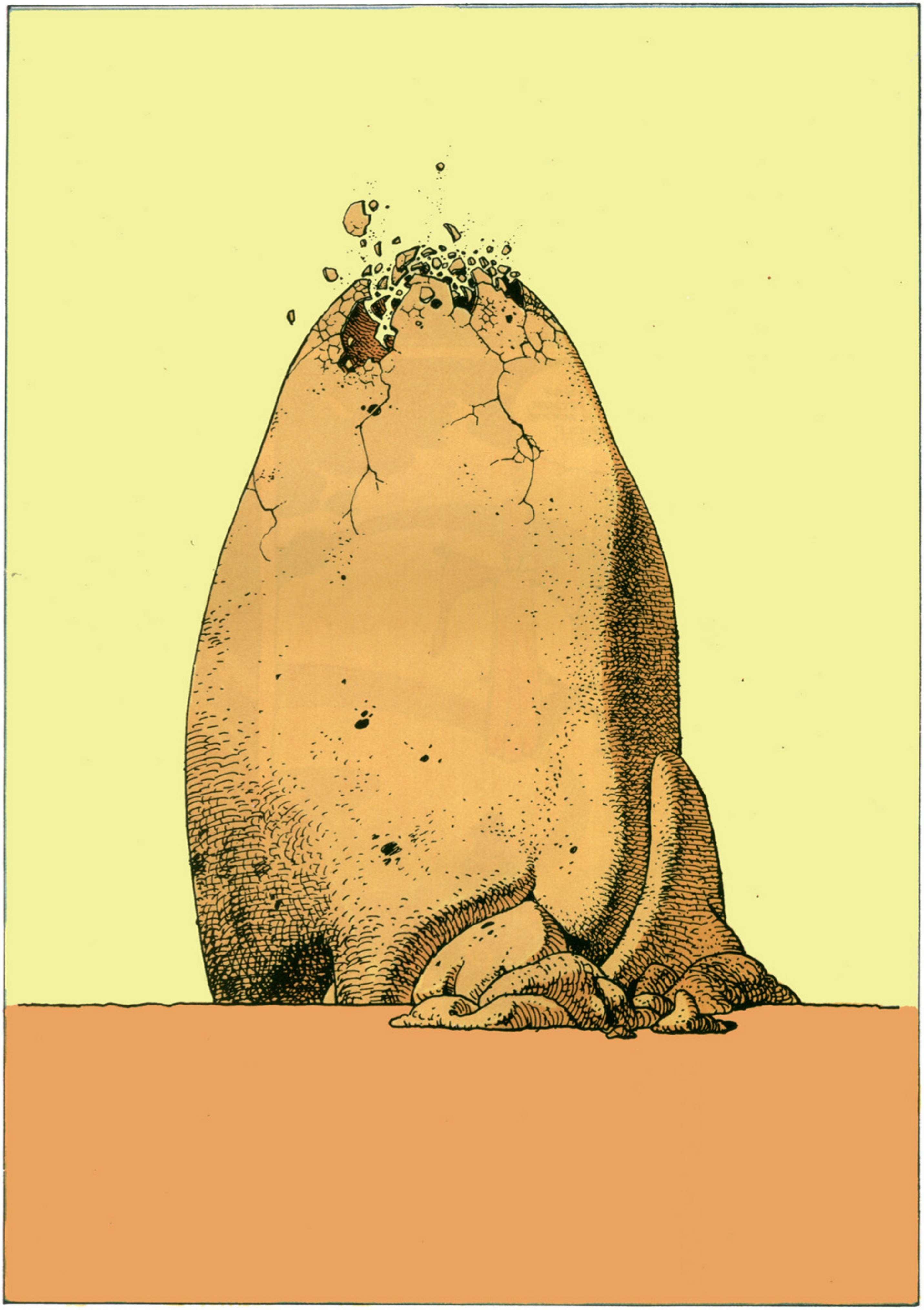


THE INSIDE OF ***FLOWER*** HAS BEEN ARTIFICIALLY EXPANDED BY TWENTY-THREE GENERATORS INSTALLED BY MAJOR GRUBERT! SIMPLE, NO?

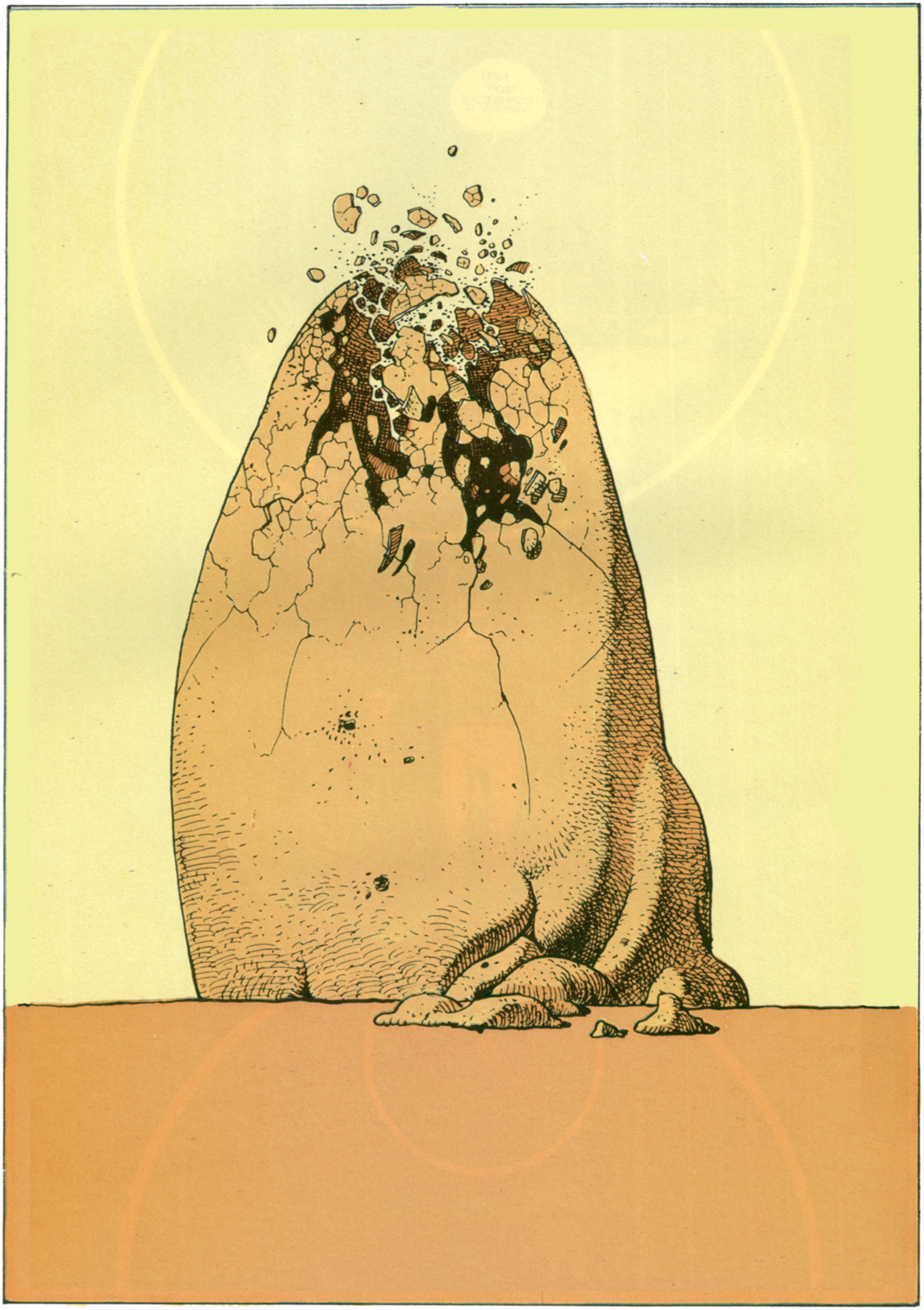


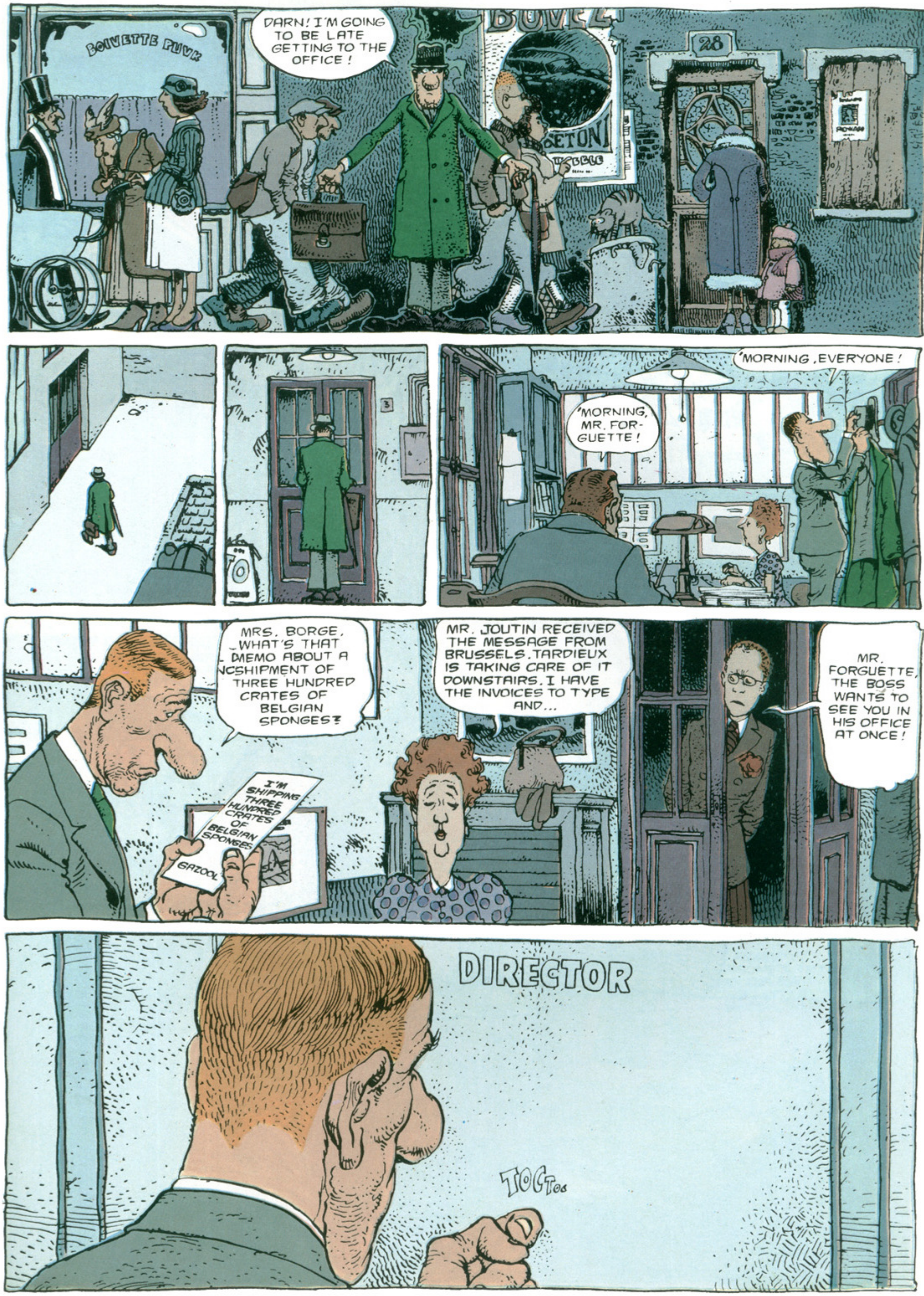


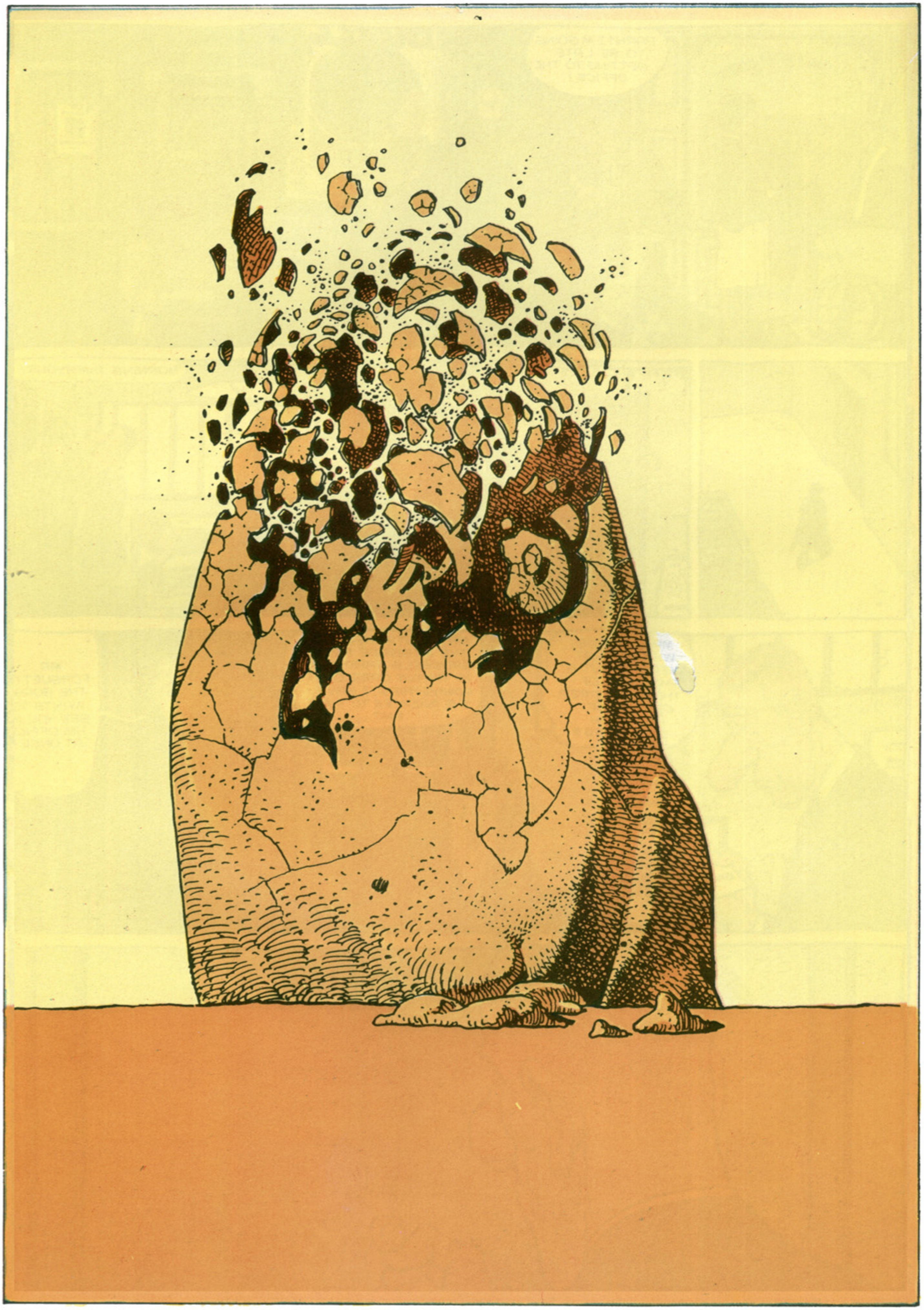
* HOLO 3-D, OF COURSE! (ED.)



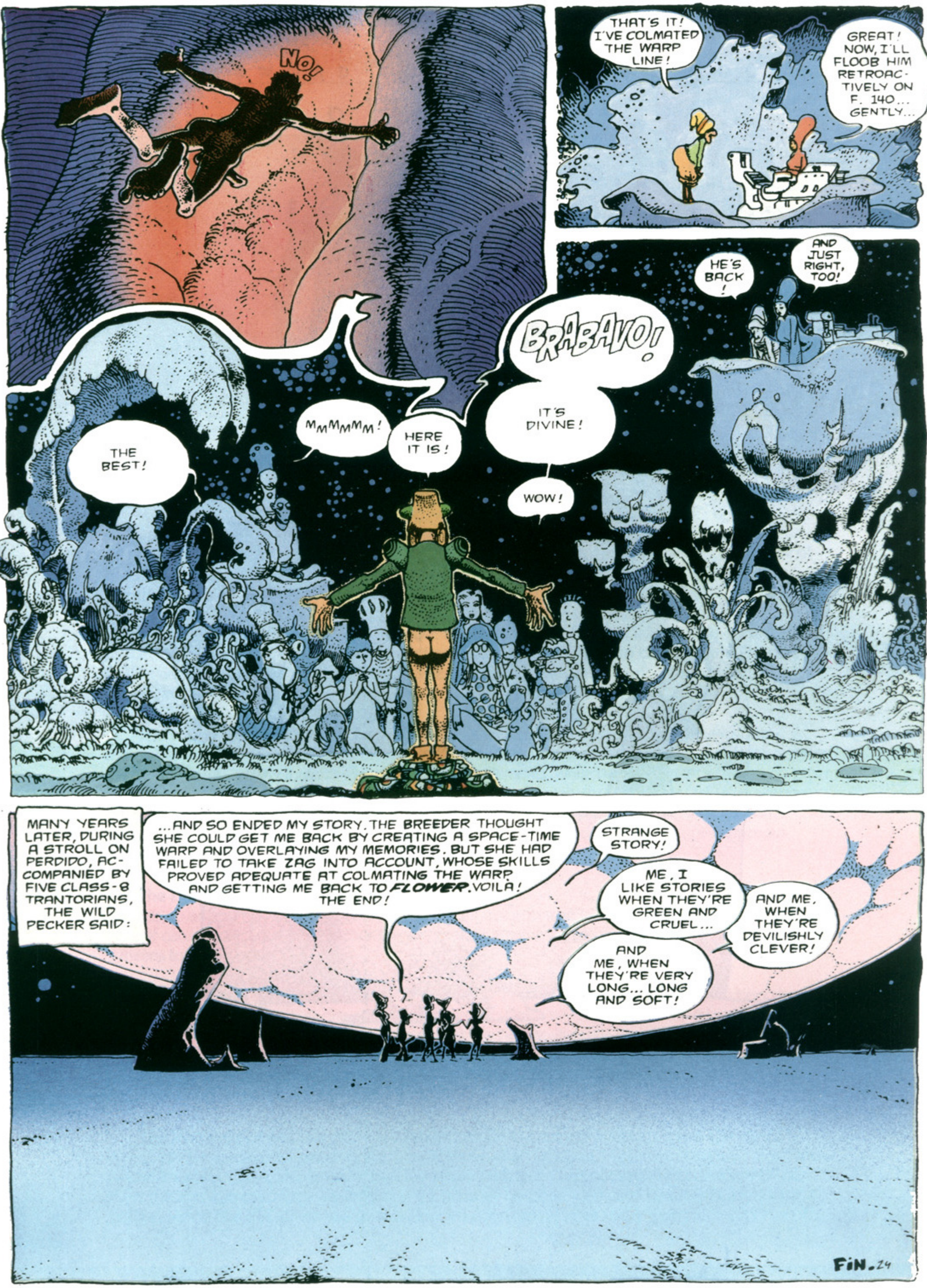
NO! NOT THAT!
MOEBIUS 74

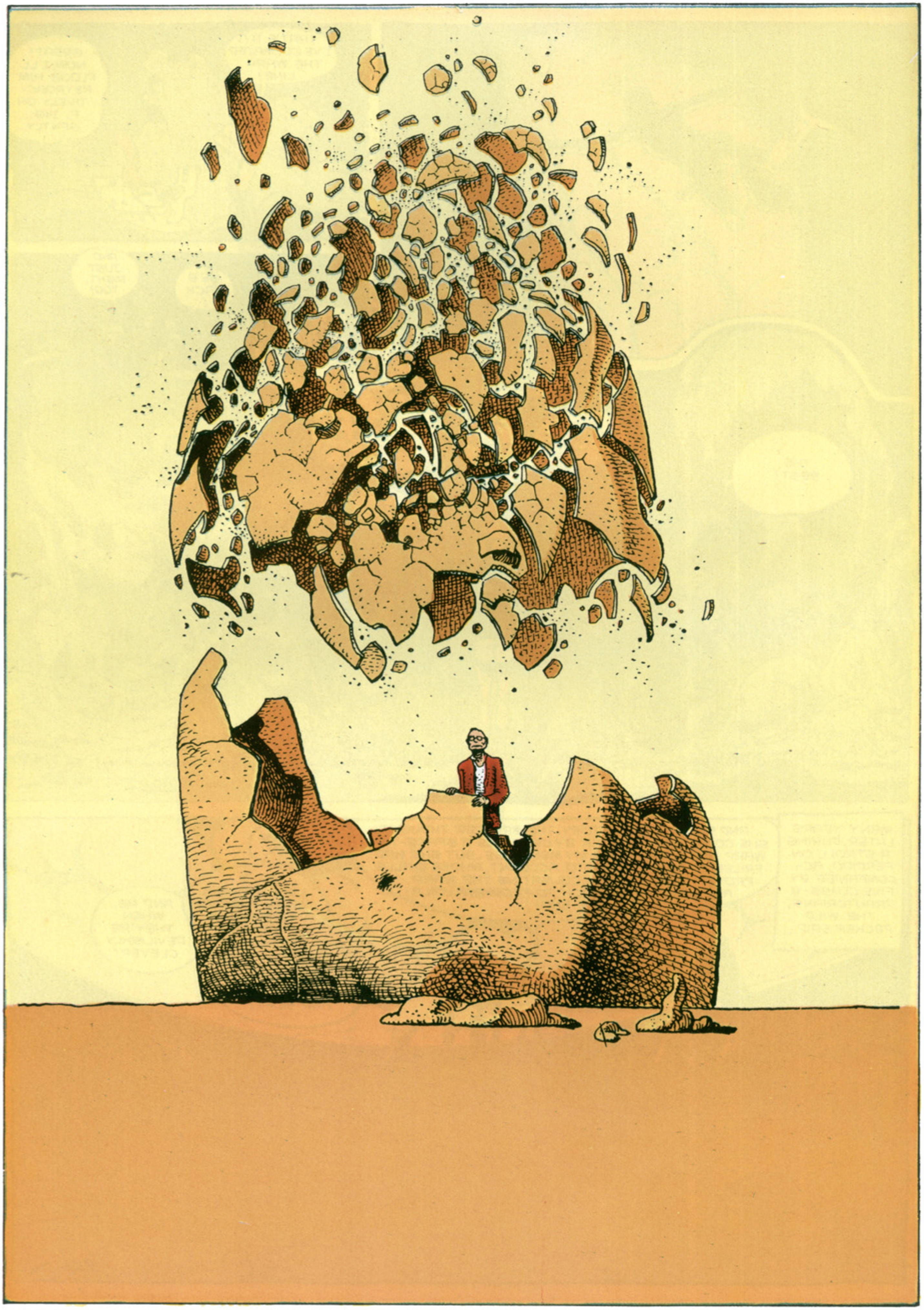



DARN! I'M GOING TO BE LATE GETTING TO THE OFFICE!
'MORNING, EVERYONE!
'MORNING, MR. FORGUETTE!
MRS. BORGE, WHAT'S THAT MEMO ABOUT A SHIPMENT OF THREE HUNDRED CRATES OF BELGIAN SPONGES?
I'M SHIPPING THREE HUNDRED CRATES OF BELGIAN SPONGES
GAZOOL
MR. JOUTIN RECEIVED THE MESSAGE FROM BRUSSELS. TARDIEUX IS TAKING CARE OF IT DOWNSTAIRS. I HAVE THE INVOICES TO TYPE AND...
MR. FORGUETTE, THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE AT ONCE!
DIRECTOR
TOC TOC



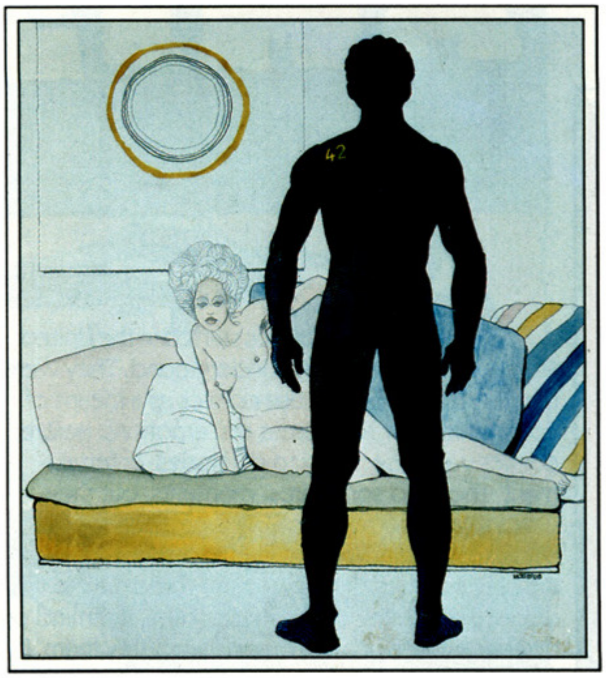
COME IN, FORGUETTE!
EDITH! YOU, HERE?!
YOU BASTARD!
CLOSER! THE BOSS WANTS YOU UP CLOSE!
BUT...
RONNY! OUR WEDDING NIGHT... REMEMBER... YOU FLED!
YOUR UNFORTUNATE WIFE TOLD US EVERYTHING, FORGUETTE! IN THIS COMPANY, WE DON'T LIKE COWARD-TRAITORS AND SEDUCER-DESERTERS!
MY DEAR MAN, YOU'LL HAVE TO FULFILL YOUR CONJUGAL DUTY HERE AND NOW! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE OF KEEPING THE BREEDER HAPPY, RETAINING OUR METRITE CONTRACTS, AND AVOIDING WAR WITH THE EXOTICS!
NO!
HURRY! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO COLMATE THE VORTEX'S WARP LINE!


NO!
THAT'S IT! I'VE COLMATED THE WARP LINE!
GREAT! NOW, I'LL FLOOB HIM RETROACTIVELY ON F. 140... GENTLY...
HE'S BACK!
AND JUST RIGHT, TOO!
BRABAVO!
THE BEST!
MMMMMM!
HERE IT IS!
IT'S DIVINE!
WOW!
MANY YEARS LATER, DURING A STROLL ON PERDIDO, ACCOMPANIED BY FIVE CLASS-8 TRANTORIANS, THE WILD PECKER SAID:
...AND SO ENDED MY STORY. THE BREEDER THOUGHT SHE COULD GET ME BACK BY CREATING A SPACE-TIME WARP AND OVERLAYING MY MEMORIES. BUT SHE HAD FAILED TO TAKE ZAG INTO ACCOUNT, WHOSE SKILLS PROVED ADEQUATE AT COLMATING THE WARP AND GETTING ME BACK TO FLOWER. VOILÀ! THE END!
STRANGE STORY!
ME, I LIKE STORIES WHEN THEY'RE GREEN AND CRUEL...
AND ME, WHEN THEY'RE DEVILISHLY CLEVER!
AND ME, WHEN THEY'RE VERY LONG... LONG AND SOFT!
FIN.24



AFTERWORD TO "THE HORNY GOOF"

by MOEBIUS



It is important to place **The Horny Goof** in its context. It was first published in 1974 by the same folks who were putting out the magazine **L'Echo des Savanes**. It therefore comes just before **Arzach**, **The Airtight Garage**, and even the creation of **Metal Hurlant**.

People usually consider my story **The Detour**, which appeared in **Pilote** in 1973, the first Moebius-style story, but it was signed "Gir" and was more like a statement of intention, a manifesto, if you wish. **The Horny Goof**, done the following year, is the tangible product of that manifesto, the first real, full-length, adult Moebius story.

All this has to be seen in the context of the spirit of May 1968. In France, the events of May '68 started a cultural explosion, which found its way into the comics. The new state of mind was openness, awareness, the desire to explore new roads, to tell new stories, to create new patterns, to look for other types of societies. The first comic artists to take the leap were Gotlib, Mandryka, and Claire Bretecher who decided to leave **Pilote** at the peak of its success and, in 1973, started their own self-published magazine, **L'Echo des Savanes**. Philippe Druillet and I were champing at the bit and, a year later, with Jean-Pierre Dionnet, we started our own magazine too, **Metal Hurlant**.

The Horny Goof was drawn during that incubating period, just before the creation of **Met[illegible]** I remember that my inspiration came after an evening spent in the company of other comic artists, most especially Gotlib. I drew that story at night, in small increments, while I was doing **Blueberry** and other jobs during the day. The story came in a state of complete spontaneity—some would say irresponsibility! To that extent, it anticipates **Arzach** and especially **The Airtight Garage**, to which it is an unplanned prequel, in particular in its mixture of SF, humor, and the purposefully-kept-mysterious threads of the story.

The Horny Goof is my first "adult" story. To me, "adult" means to be free in spirit, to know no bounds, to accept no moral restrictions, especially those imposed by somebody else. Only the artist himself can impose his own restrictions, and therefore assume full responsibility for his art. That is what it means to be an "adult."

I believe that to become an "adult" is ultimately the only way for a comic artist not to become bored to death. If you have to draw the same characters day after day, with the same faces, the same costumes, if you can't express anything personal, if you have to illustrate the same stories, often given to you by people you don't know or don't respect, you can very well go mad, or start drinking in order to compensate, or maybe even kill yourself. It's a nightmare. The only way to stay alive is to stay fresh and have fun doing what you're doing.

The Horny Goof was one of the first stories I did in that spirit of freedom. It was something incredible. It expresses an emotion, like "I don't know what I've done, but I must continue. I don't know where I'm going, but I must go on." I think the reader feels that. I was not seeking to deliberately put these theories into practice. I was only doing it because I experienced great pleasure doing so. But it just happened that it fit. When you open a door, you don't know what you're going to find behind it.

Adult comics started in the United States with the American Underground. They were the first in the world to use comics as a means of communication, to express real emotions. Before, comics were used only to do stories, entertainment. They had some great moments, but they were all very conventional. The American Underground showed us in Europe how to express true feelings, how to tell something to the reader through the comics. They blew the mind of the few professionals in Europe who saw them. It showed us the way, helped us create our own stories, express our own emotions. The answer from the public was phenomenal, first in France, then throughout Europe.

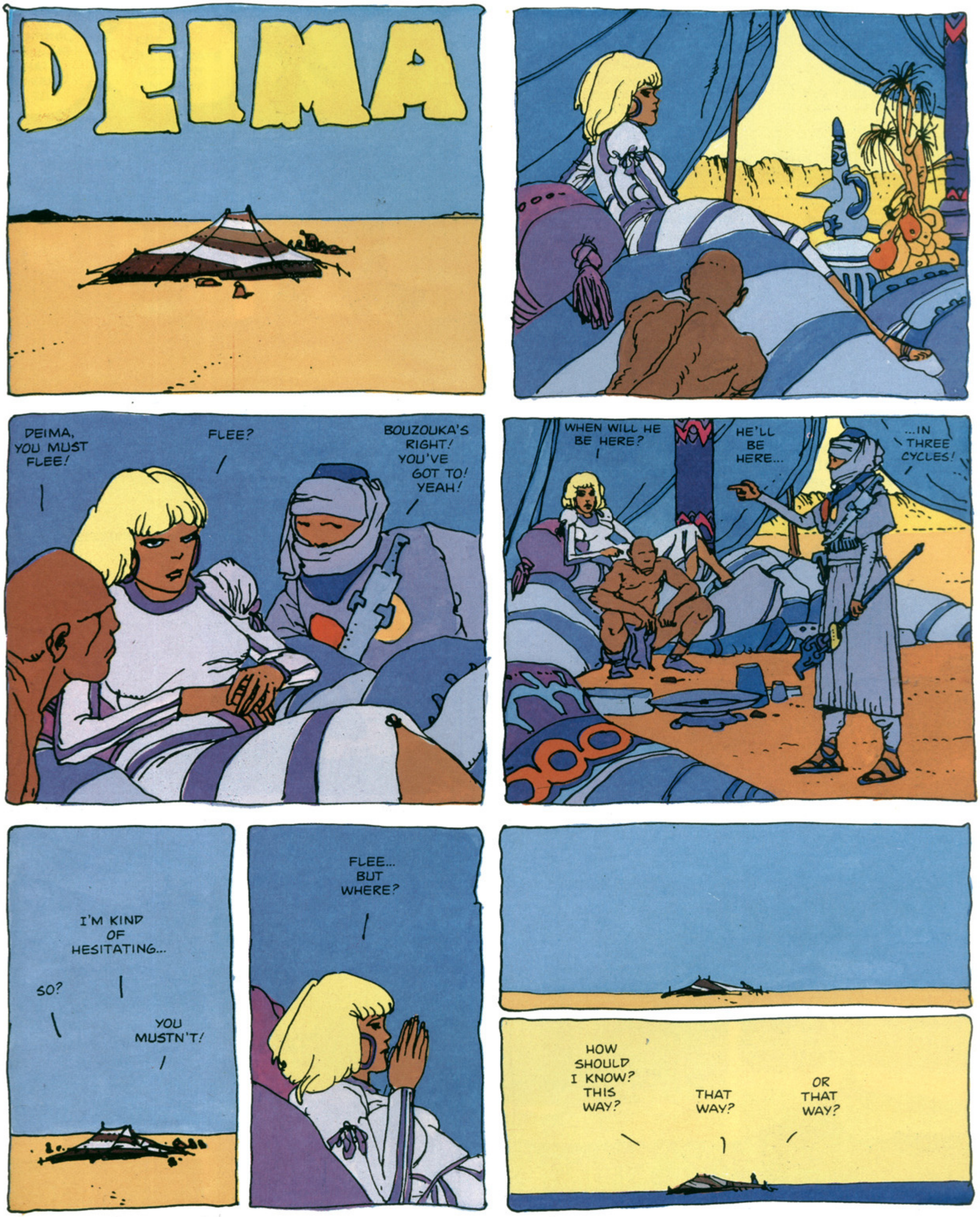
Regarding the use of sex and violence in "adult" comics, I would first remark that sex and violence should not be intrinsically taboo for adult readers. There are ways for even sex and violence to be portrayed in rich and, I would say, moral ways. I mean, in ways that are not shocking but that can help in spiritual growth and development. I agree that, more often than not, sex and violence are portrayed in negative ways—especially sex, because as a society, we tend to have more problems with it—but it doesn't have to be that way. I, for one, have strived to express both in the former.

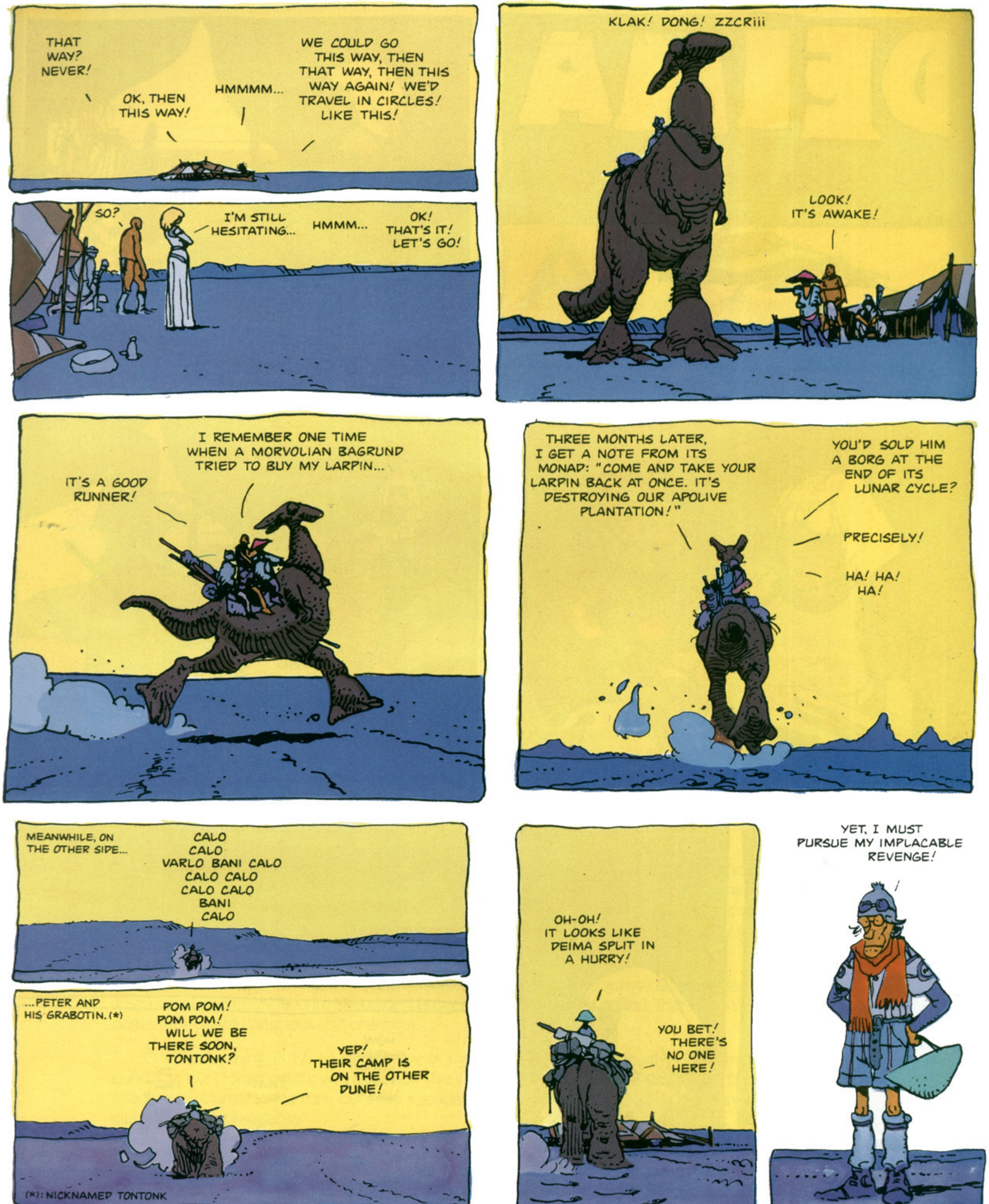
Sometimes, I see books which are not good because they exploit the violence and sex in ways that I think are disgusting. Usually, I don't buy these books or read them. But if I do, I see the sickness in the mind of the artist who drew them and I feel compassion for him. I may even understand what problems he has that made him choose to express himself that way. Because I firmly believe that if somebody has a problem with sex and violence in a comic book, the problem is not in the comic book but in the person who is reading it.

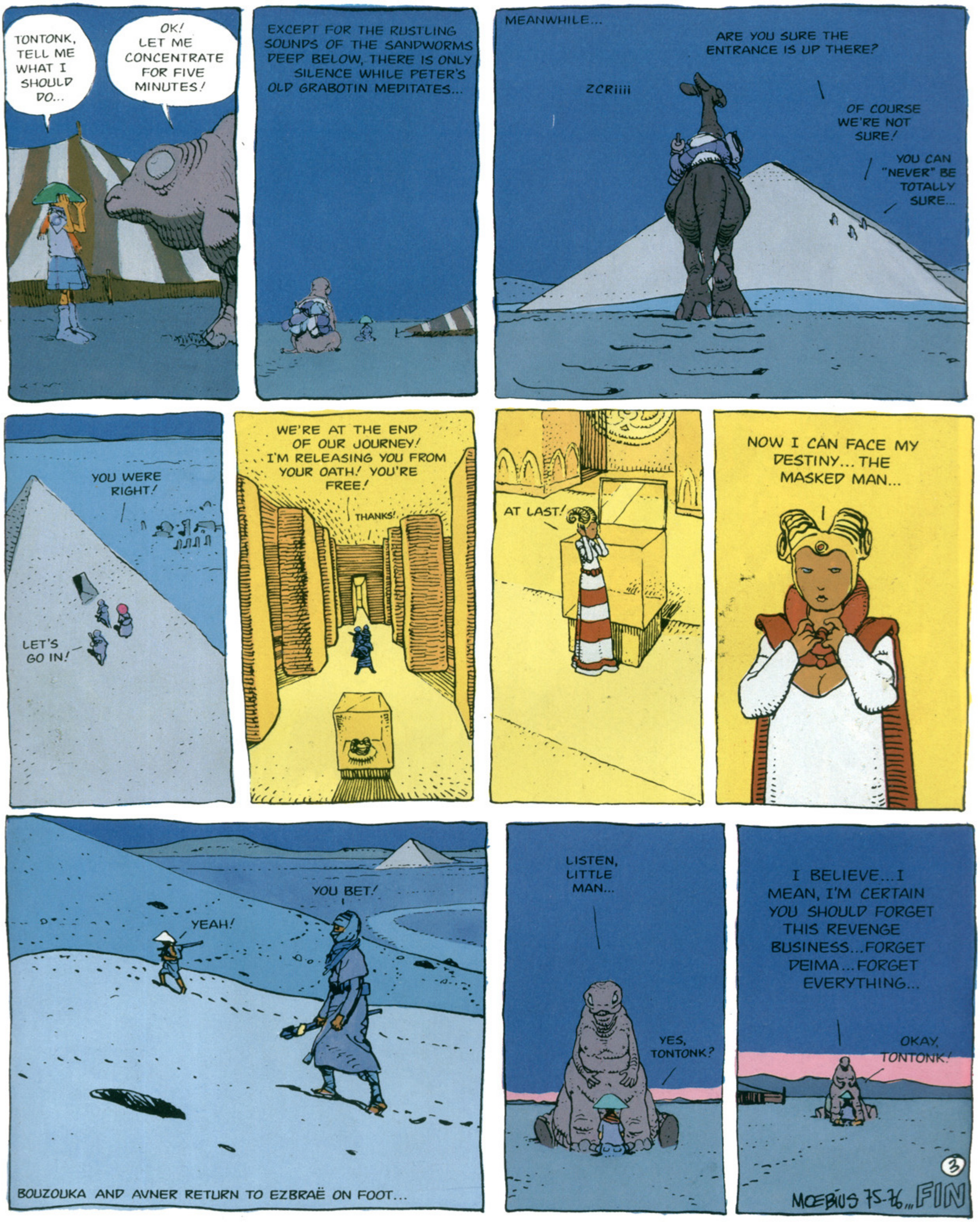
If someone didn't already have problems with his own sexuality or violent nature, he couldn't be harmed by the existence of that book. On the other hand, if he does have a problem, then he will see that problem reflected in the book, which is, of course, what he cannot stand. He'll become furious, and even call the law. When you have a problem you don't want to face, the fear is very powerful and can make you want to fight and behave in crazy ways.

Deima was drawn in 1975 as an attempt to do a really "chic" metaphysical fantasy story à la Philip Jose Farmer, one of my favorite SF authors (especially his **Riverworld** series). That's why these three pages look unself-conscious and charming.

One late evening, in 1974, I came home in a great emotional state, though now I remember my condition but I forget what it was all about. That's when I drew **You're The Object Of This And That.** It looks very clumsy to me now, but I feel a solidarity with all my past, including my moments of clumsiness—and audacity.


DEIMA
DEIMA, YOU MUST FLEE!
FLEE?
BOUZOUKA'S RIGHT! YOU'VE GOT TO! YEAH!
WHEN WILL HE BE HERE?
HE'LL BE HERE...
...IN THREE CYCLES!
I'M KIND OF HESITATING...
SO?
YOU MUSTN'T!
FLEE... BUT WHERE?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? THIS WAY?
THAT WAY?
OR THAT WAY?

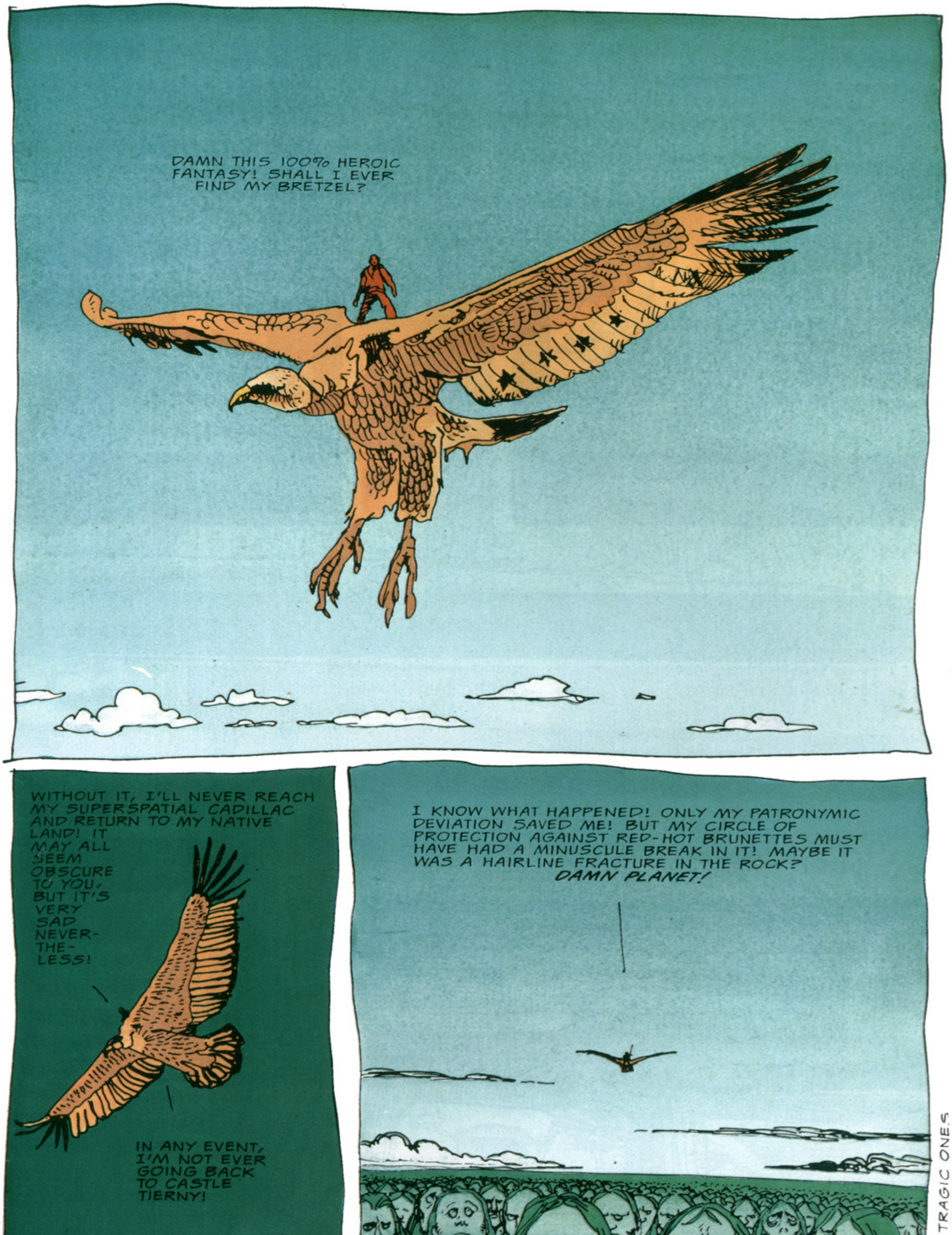

THAT WAY? NEVER!
OK, THEN THIS WAY!
HMMMM...
WE COULD GO THIS WAY, THEN THAT WAY, THEN THIS WAY AGAIN! WE'D TRAVEL IN CIRCLES! LIKE THIS!
SO?
I'M STILL HESITATING...
HMMM...
OK! THAT'S IT! LET'S GO!
KLAK! DONG! ZZCRiii
LOOK! IT'S AWAKE!
IT'S A GOOD RUNNER!
I REMEMBER ONE TIME WHEN A MORVOLIAN BAGRUND TRIED TO BUY MY LARPIN...
THREE MONTHS LATER, I GET A NOTE FROM ITS MONAD: "COME AND TAKE YOUR LARPIN BACK AT ONCE. IT'S DESTROYING OUR APOLIVE PLANTATION!"
YOU'D SOLD HIM A BORG AT THE END OF ITS LUNAR CYCLE?
PRECISELY!
HA! HA! HA!
MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE...
CALO CALO VARLO BANI CALO CALO CALO CALO CALO BANI CALO
...PETER AND HIS GRABOTIN. (*)
POM POM! POM POM! WILL WE BE THERE SOON, TONTONK?
YEP! THEIR CAMP IS ON THE OTHER DUNE!
(*): NICKNAMED TONTONK
OH-OH! IT LOOKS LIKE DEIMA SPLIT IN A HURRY!
YOU BET! THERE'S NO ONE HERE!
YET, I MUST PURSUE MY IMPLACABLE REVENGE!


TONTONK, TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD DO...
OK! LET ME CONCENTRATE FOR FIVE MINUTES!
EXCEPT FOR THE RUSTLING SOUNDS OF THE SANDWORMS DEEP BELOW, THERE IS ONLY SILENCE WHILE PETER'S OLD GRABOTIN MEDITATES...
MEANWHILE...
ZCRiiii
ARE YOU SURE THE ENTRANCE IS UP THERE?
OF COURSE WE'RE NOT SURE!
YOU CAN "NEVER" BE TOTALLY SURE...
YOU WERE RIGHT!
LET'S GO IN!
WE'RE AT THE END OF OUR JOURNEY! I'M RELEASING YOU FROM YOUR OATH! YOU'RE FREE!
THANKS!
AT LAST!
NOW I CAN FACE MY DESTINY... THE MASKED MAN...
YOU BET!
YEAH!
BOUZOUKA AND AVNER RETURN TO EZBRAË ON FOOT...
LISTEN, LITTLE MAN...
YES, TONTONK?
I BELIEVE...I MEAN, I'M CERTAIN YOU SHOULD FORGET THIS REVENGE BUSINESS...FORGET DEIMA...FORGET EVERYTHING...
OKAY, TONTONK!
3
MOEBIUS 75-76
FIN

You're the Object of This and That
MOEBIUS
17382nd EPISODE
A HEROIC AND CARNIVOROUS FANTASY IN 20,000 EPISODES UNDER THE SEA.
STORY SO FAR
DRUILLET, BRETECHER, GOT, DIONNET, AND MANDRYKA REMAINED IN CASTLE TIERNY WHILE JABAVOTH WENT OUT TO LOOK AT THE LAUNCHING PADS...
Castle Tierny

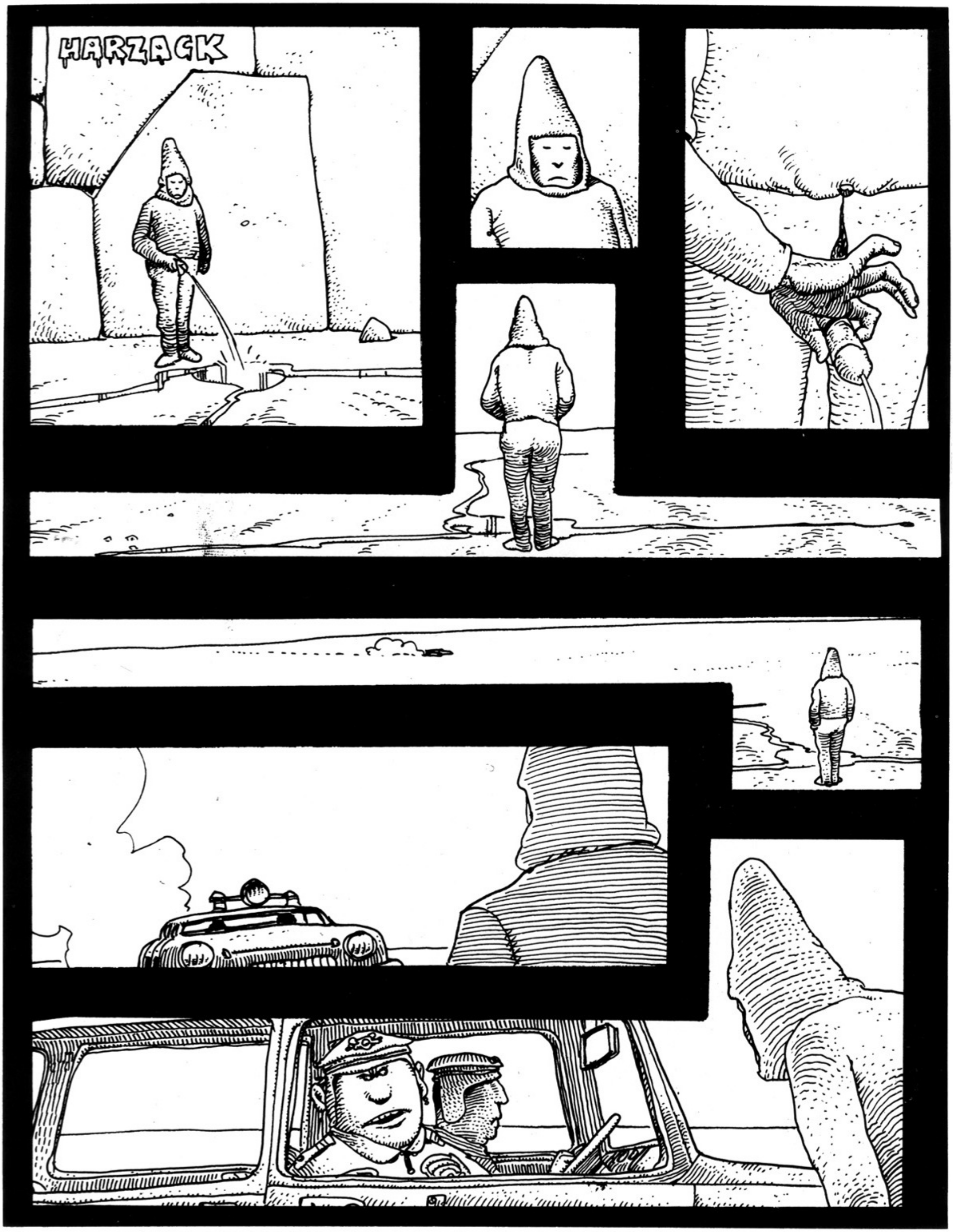
JABAVOTH WAS AMAZED BY THE GOOD CONDITION OF THE LAUNCHING COMPOUND...
AH, IF ONLY I STILL HAD MY ATOMIC BRETZEL...
...I COULD LEAVE THIS ACCURSED PLANET, LAZAVADUNE, WHICH SOMEDAY WILL BE MY DEATH! EXECRABLE, ACCURSED, BLASTED PLANET OF THE DAMNABLE DOOMED!
SUDDENLY, AN AMAZING SIGHT APPEARS BEFORE JABAVOTH'S EYES IN A FLASH. HE THOUGHT HE'D SEEN BETTER...
BY ZAPPA THE BIG PAPA!

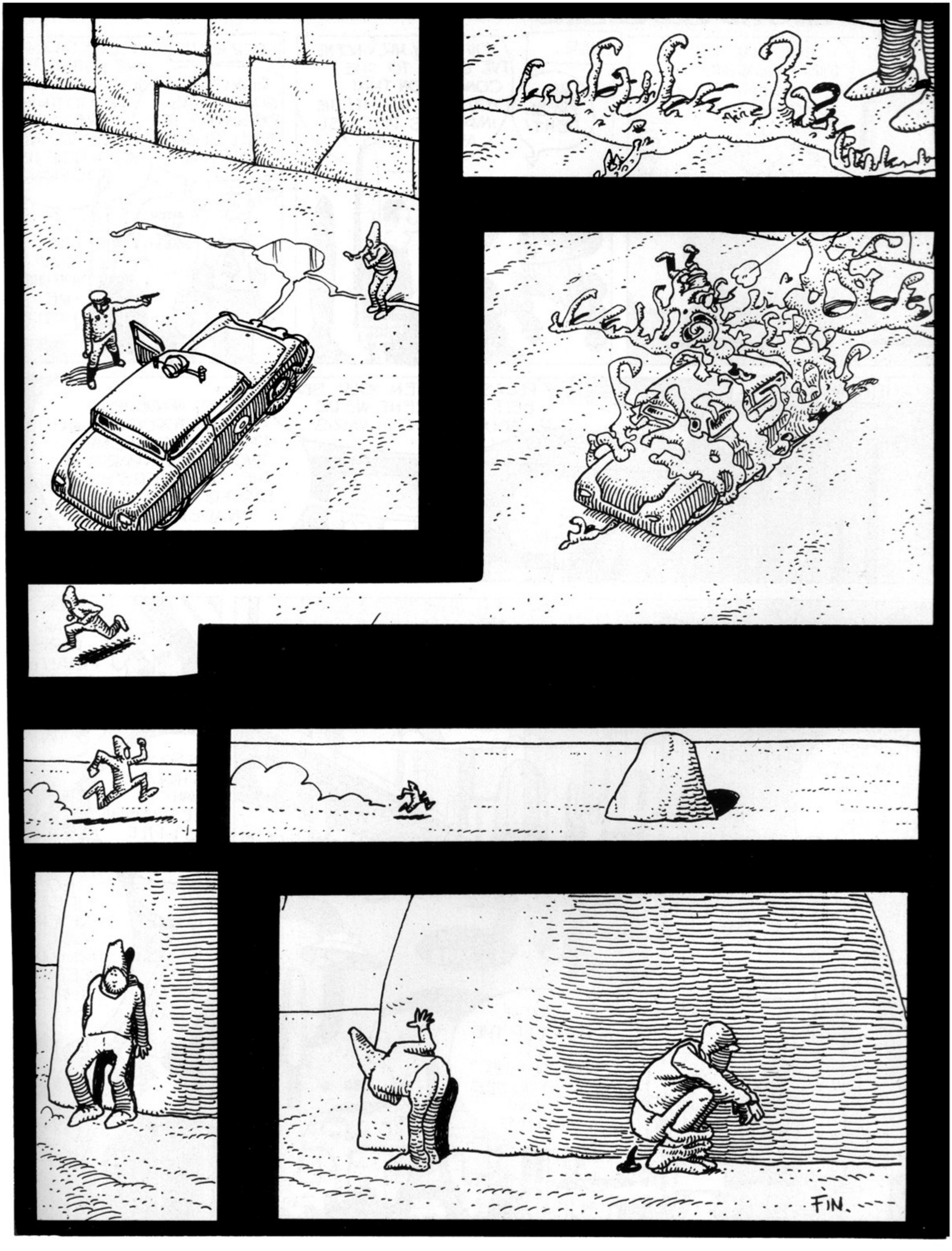
A BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE WAS GIVING HIM THE EVIL EYE!
IN A DISPLAY OF AMAZING SPEED, JABAVOTH CHANGED HIS NAME TO GARBUR, THEN WITH A MAGIC MARKER DREW A CIRCLE OF PROTECTION AGAINST RED-HOT BRUNETTES...
I'M NOT GONNA GIVE UP!
BY ZAPPA THE BIG PAPA!
THE PARADE OF THE BALD VULTURE!



SOME TRAGIC ONES.

POOR GARBUR IS NOT AT THE END OF HIS TROUBLES YET, AND NEITHER IS HIS VULTURE! WILL HE SUCCEED IN ESCAPING FROM THE BRUNETTES OR THE TAILLESS DOGS? WILL HE EVER FIND HIS BRETZEL? YOU'LL LEARN THE ANSWERS TO ALL THESE QUESTIONS BY READING THE 17383rd EPISODE OF: *YOU'RE THE OBJECT OF THIS AND THAT*, ON SALE NEXT CENTURY IN ALL FINE COMIC STORES, AND EVEN


HARZACK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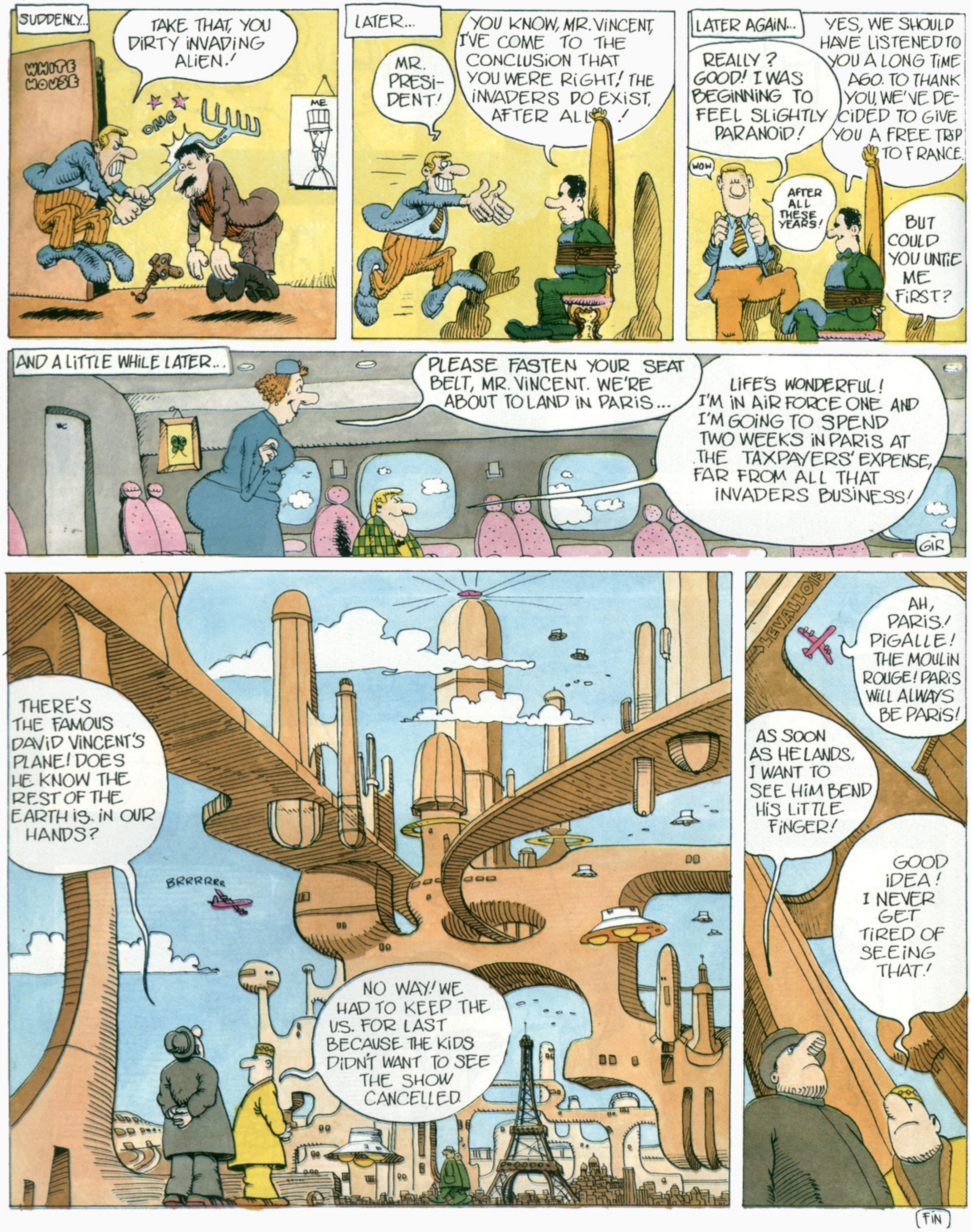
THE INVADERS